Every Other Freckle

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12479080.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Will Graham's Father, Abel Gideon, Ms Carlin, Matthew Brown (Hannibal), Jack Crawford, Peter Bernardone, Clark Ingram
Additional Tags:	Boarding School, England (Country), Bullying, Prefect Hannibal, Skipping Class, Caught, Will is new, Protection, Will can see the darkness, Fanvids, Blushing, Touching, Inappropriate Erections, First Kiss, Teenagers, Teen Romance, First Crush, Inappropriate touching, Erections, Hand Jobs, Dry Humping, Coming In Pants, Horny Teenagers, Boys Kissing, Student Will Graham, Oral Sex, Finger Sucking, Embarrassment, Phone Calls & Telephones, The Talk, Sneaking Around, Frottage, cum tasting, Coming Quick, Ron Swanson - Freeform, Sloppy, Peeping, Shower Sex, Possessive Hannibal, Jealous Hannibal, Morning Cuddles, Hannibal Loves Will, Pets
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-10-24 Updated: 2017-12-23 Words: 30,419 Chapters: 6/?

Every Other Freckle

by Calhouns_Crakrats, well_this_was_unexpected

Summary

Will’s blue eyes stared warily as pristine, black shoes stopped in front of his toilet cubicle. The perfectly pressed, full-length trousers Hannibal wore were hemmed by the boy himself and neatly brushed the tongue of his shiny, black shoes. Will’s lungs ached as he attempted to hold his breath, though he knew it was futile. Hannibal was obviously aware of his presence.

Knuckles rapped twice on the cubicle door and a throat cleared in an almost apologetic manner. Releasing a painful sigh, Will shifted from his seat and stood, his fingers fumbling with the door lock. He no longer had the option to stay hidden; he’d broken the rules and skipped class, and would be forced to face the consequences of his actions, though those consequences were far more favorable to him than being tormented in class.

Notes

I wanted to gift my lovely friend dancy_85 a fic and this is what she proposed. Naturally, I fell in love with the idea of teen Hannigram ... all sloppy and clumsy firsts, a smidgen of darkness, kitten noises and one rude sock that will continually slide down Will's calf. What more could one want in life?

The explanation behind the title is it is a song that some beautiful creature made a fanvid to – I will link it below. The lyrics, I think, perfectly describe Hannibal's version of love, possessiveness, and ownership. There is also a very endearing naivety to the lyrics, so it all kinda fits where this is heading. The boys, as usual, will probably do their own thing, even though there is a rough outline here.

It is a WIP so do bear with me <3 Enjoy!
Becs

Note: Calhouns_Crakrats is now on board with this fic 'editing' and collaborating! Although I'm getting the bulk of the wordy wordness out, she's putting in considerable efforts to shape it with me. We are also smooshing our plot ideas together, so I would definitely call it a joint effort.

This is a collaboration made in heaven – quite orgasmic. Sweetness and light, but the darkness will still seep in. Hope you enjoy. — Jo (Calhouns_Crakrats)

Currents

The bell rang as the last few sets of feet scuffed across the floor, the shuffling squeaks muffled through the bathroom door where the boy sat motionless, avoiding his own obligation – his next lesson down the hallway. Instead of scurrying off to class, he sat on the closed lid of a toilet, the cubicle door locked, his arms wrapped tightly around his scraped and knobby knees with his forehead buried against them.

A long-held sigh escaped his lips as the hallways cleared and a stillness descended upon the tiled room. Skipping class would bring him nothing but trouble, but today he simply couldn't handle the crass remarks and jibes from Abel and the other boys in class. He was new and his accent different, and that was reason enough to be a target. On top of those things, he was quiet and stoic *and* he wore glasses. The students found his foreign tone and strange mannerism quite entertaining, and they now played a new game in class – what would make the American boy cry or snap enough to retaliate. It was torture.

Usually, Will could remain unfazed, but today was different. Today was his birthday. Homesickness engulfed all his other senses. He could still see the brightly coloured balloons that had filled his living room last year. He could taste the thick, sugary icing covering his cake, and feel his sticky hands as they wiped across his jeans. He could still hear those three voices that had sung him 'Happy Birthday', and it had been all the choir he could've wished for. He could see home, taste home, *smell* home.

This year he had received just one card, and it was safely tucked inside the back pocket of his shorts. No one knew today held any special significance, and he preferred to keep it that way.

Now that he was submerged in a rare solitude, he was able to examine the card in peace, so he took it from his pocket, and ran his fingers across the sailboat and the large, gilded numbers on the front. A smile crept across his face as he opened it again to read his father's familiar scrawl:

To my Son, I hope today is a special day for you, sorry I can't be there but I'll make it up to you.

The words were separated by printed text wishing the recipient a special sixteenth birthday.

Keep your chin up and study hard, I'll call when I can. All my love, Dad.

Pushing his nose into the card and the frames of his glasses into his cheeks, Will inhaled deeply, convincing himself that he could recognise a faint scent belonging to his father. The spicy aroma of aftershave clung to the paper – Will was sure of it.

The bathroom door opening quietly, nearly sent the boy tumbling from his perch. His heart raced as he clutched the card against his mouth, trying not to breathe. Surely, no one would find him as long as he remained silent, but as the footsteps grew closer, he began to recognize that soft, familiar gait. It was not the walk of a teacher searching for missing students. It was as recognizable as a boy proclaiming their name before entering. Will had only ever encountered one person who could so stealthily lurk through the halls of the school – a prefect with a very unusual name: Hannibal Lecter.

Typically, only upperclassmen were bestowed the title of *prefect* , but Hannibal, by all accounts, was well ahead of his age. He even tutored pupils – both younger and older than himself – in lessons he had no need to attend. Hannibal had never bullied nor approached Will. He had separated himself from the student body in a way that many, including Will, found unnerving. Will had noticed Hannibal watching the other students as though they were a nest of intrigue. The boy's lips, which were normally drawn tightly together, would curl into a small yet terrifying smile when drama would unfold in his presence. After a moment of relishing the spectacle, Hannibal would always step in to do his duty, but not before observing something he clearly felt was fascinating. Apparently, no one had noticed this element of his personality. To the teachers he was a model pupil, and to the students, he was someone to admire or fear since he enforced the school laws without compromise.

Hannibal may never have spoken to him, but Will knew he hadn't escaped his scrutiny. An itch on the back of his skull – whether in class or on the grounds – would remind him that Hannibal's amber eyes were ever-present and often focused on him. It was an unnatural sensation, and Will couldn't help the curiosity that bubbled within him. Hannibal was an enigmatic puzzle; the clues and irregular shapes of which remained unseen by everyone but Will. He was desperate to know more – to solve this puzzle – though the very notion of doing so was unnerving to the boy.

Will's blue eyes stared warily as pristine, black shoes stopped in front of his cubicle. The perfectly pressed, full-length trousers Hannibal wore were hemmed by the boy himself and neatly brushed the tongue of his shiny shoes. Will's lungs ached as he attempted to hold his breath, though he knew it was futile. Hannibal was obviously aware of his presence.

Knuckles rapped twice on the cubicle door, and a throat cleared in an almost apologetic manner. Releasing a painful sigh, Will shifted from his seat, and stood, his fingers fumbling with the door lock. He no longer had the option to stay hidden. He'd broken the rules and skipped class, and would be forced to face the consequences of his actions, though those consequence were far more favorable to him than being tormented in class.

Stepping back, he slowly opened the door, face flushing as he tried and failed to meet the prefect's piercing gaze. Will settled his focus on the boy's chin instead, noticing the minute expression of satisfaction that crept across Hannibal's mouth. He knew someone was hiding in the bathroom, and Will couldn't escape his keen intuition.

"Will Graham," said the deep, booming voice. Will's fingers scratched nervously against the sweaty surface of the palm that wasn't still clutching his solitary birthday wish. To Will's knowledge, it was the first time Hannibal had spoken his name aloud, and it felt as though it was being scrutinised before it rolled from his tongue. Hannibal's accent shaped his name in a uniquely penetrating fashion.

His mouth carefully explored each syllable, pronouncing Will's name not as he'd been introduced by British teachers, but how Will had been introducing himself. Hannibal pronounced his name as an American, though through his own throaty articulation.

"You should be in class," reminded Hannibal. It was a simple statement, but a pause followed. Hannibal was allowing him to explain himself rather than simply dismissing him outright.

Will licked his lips, his eyes darting up to meet the other's for a moment before dropping to the narrow knot of Hannibal's tie. It was tight and smooth, and Will's fingers reached up to absentmindedly fiddle with his own loose knot which had been tied hurriedly on his way to breakfast that morning. Swallowing, he prepared his lie.

"I… erm… I didn't know the bell had rung." His voice was thin and tight, even to his own ears. Shifting his weight between his feet, he waited for the dressing down he'd receive at the obvious lie. The bell that called them to class was loud enough to wake the dead. His dark eyebrows rose in surprise when the other boy laughed in response.

"So fierce that you can't be bothered to offer a more convincing story. Interesting."

Will chewed his lip at the comment, his unyielding curiosity drawing his gaze back to the prefect's amber eyes. Hannibal stood, hands clasped behind his back and leaning toward him, his head tilted to one side as he studied Will's features. The triumphant smirk was now a lopsided smile, almost fond. Will's brows now drew together, suspicious of Hannibal's assumptions about him.

"No… I'm not fierce, it's just-," said Will before pausing. His cheeks were growing red at the implications of Hannibal's words, despite their truth. It wasn't fierceness; he just didn't care about the consequences of skipping class. What could possible be done to him that would hurt more than being completely marooned from those he loved? His retort was never completed however, as his mind suddenly drew a blank when a hand reached toward his.

"May I?" asked Hannibal. With such a polite request, Will didn't question why his hand suddenly offered its contents to the boy. It was only when deft fingers gently tugged the card from his own, that he became defensive and almost snatched it back.

"Please don't…," Will pleaded before falling silent again. Hannibal ignored his protest and peered at the card, running a hand across the surface, his long index finger stroking down the edge. He nearly opened it, but instead of invading Will's privacy, his hands grasped either side, and his gaze returned to Will, blinking away a pang of sadness at the implication of Will hiding alone with such a treasure.

"Well wishes from loved ones are sacred, Will. You should keep this somewhere safe," he said, and his lips formed that thin, tight line once again. Will nodded in agreement as the card was handed back, reverently sliding it into his pocket, a sudden sense of protectiveness over it after Hannibal's suggestion.

"I will," he stuttered before whispering a quick apology under his breath. Gossip was rife at the boarding school. Will had only been there a week before learning of the devastating circumstances which had brought Hannibal to the school. As Will prepared to apologise again, Hannibal huffed a dismissive laugh.

"You needn't be sorry," he said, "It's your birthday today?" Will dipped his head to confirm. "Many happy returns, Will. I can understand your reluctance to head to class, especially as the next lesson is English Literature. You have that with Abel, correct?" Will dropped his chin again, returning to his study of Hannibal's shoes, ashamed of his initial assessment of the prefect. Hannibal didn't seem

unnerving now, and his gaze was no more disconcerting than anyone else's. Hannibal had shown himself to be the only person – teacher and pupil alike – that had taken an ounce of interest in him.

"Thank you," he murmured, "And yes, I'm not ready to put up with Abel. Not today." Will's tone turned bitter and his mouth twisted. Feeling as heartsick as he did today, the teasing only highlighted the things that made him think about home. All the warm memories that brought so much pleasure to the boy, were paraded in front of the class and ridiculed for their entertainment. It wasn't his own upset that Will fretted over; it was his own retaliation that he worried about. The thought of Abel repeating Will's words as he mocked his accent, made Will clench his fist, a raw tempest swirling deep inside him. There was a long pause as Will pulled back from his dark thoughts, finally releasing an easier breath.

"If you'd like," began Hannibal as though he was contemplating each word as he spoke, "I'm able to tutor in the period between break and lunch. Teachers are usually more than happy for me to take on pupils – if only for a term. I expect a little extra help would be advantageous, as you're new to the curriculum." Though Hannibal's smile appeared warm and genuine, Will frowned at the offer of protection. What would Hannibal want in return? Will never liked the idea of owing anyone favors. They could be used against him, forcing him into unfavorable situation or getting him into further trouble. However, as he contemplated all of Hannibal's possible nefarious motives, he suddenly felt the unwavering twinge of guilt washing over him and his chin dropped back to his chest.

"Thank you. I'd appreciate the help," he said, unused to showing any genuine gratitude over the last few months.

This feeling of camaraderie was unusual. He'd spent so much time here feeling attacked and edgy, that his mind now wandered while he attempted to determine how he should react to such unexpected kindness. Instead of retorting with a snappy comeback, he chewed his lip, now pondering whether Hannibal polished his shoes every morning. Should he be polishing his shoes, too? How did Hannibal keep his laces so clean and unfrayed? Will's laces were always wet and never stayed tied. And how did Hannibal tighten his ties so neatly? All Will could ever achieve was a loose simple knot that left his tie unkempt and uneven.

Suddenly, those erratic thoughts dissipated when a finger landed on his chin, tilting Will's face up from his chest. Everything stopped for a moment as Hannibal gazed into Will's worried eyes, absorbing him while he studied his face. Pleased and enthralled by whatever he saw, Hannibal grinned as his finger stroked under Will's chin, delicately brushing his smooth pale skin.

Panic pulsed through Will at his touch, sweat beading on his brow as his eyes darted from one amber iris to the other. Were private lessons with this peculiar boy really in his best interest?

He stepped back, leaning away from that single, ensnaring finger which had caught and held him for a moment with the most subtle pressure, just as Hannibal responded, "Then it's settled. We'll begin tomorrow. You'll have to make your apologies to Mrs Cherik – explain that you were with me. That should be suffice to keep you out of trouble for your tardiness."

As much space as he had put between them, Will found that he couldn't look away. Hannibal took a step back from the cubicle and nodded towards the exit, something close to a friendly expression for the other's benefit. To Will, it looked unpractised which perhaps was the very sad truth. Will tried to return the expression, but his smile felt tremulous, mirroring the unease inside him. The skin where Hannibal had touched felt boiling hot, and he briefly glanced at a mirror just to be sure it wasn't blistering.

“Thank you, Hannibal. That's… kind of you?” His words were hesitant and inquisitive, but he had many unanswered questions. Why would Hannibal offer him an alibi and an excuse to distance himself from his bullies? Why would he offer him tutoring when this was the first time they had engaged. Hannibal had to have been watching him, but what did he see in Will that earned him such attention?

Will felt trapped inside the cubicle, now worried that Hannibal might try to reach out and touch him again on his way past. Instead, Hannibal held open the cubicle door as he motioned towards the exit, a gesture meant to offer Will a leisurely exit. But Will, still nervous from their curious exchange, hurried past the prefect, and rushed to the door. His hand had barely made it to the cold metal handle, when he heard Hannibal speak again so he turned around.

“It's not a problem, Will. It really is my pleasure to assist other pupils in reaching their potential.” There was something a little darker in Hannibal’s expression. It reminded Will of that look he’d see in Hannibal’s eyes right before he’d break up a fight. This time it was aimed straight at him, and there was an intensity so strong that Will's blood began to pulse inside his ears.

Tearing his eyes away, he nodded. “I guess I'll see you tomorrow, Hannibal,” he said, and pushed through the door, eager to escape the analytical gaze that he still felt probing his back.

His feet rushed down the hall, but before the door had fully closed behind him, he caught the reply, soft yet smug, “You most certainly will.” The words seemed to confirm a much deeper agreement than the one they had both just discussed. What were Hannibal’s plans, and what exactly had Will just gotten himself into?

Now away from Hannibal’s intense stare, Will finally breathed easily for the first time since he’d been interrupted in the bathroom, immersed in his memories, only minutes before. He was still confused, lost in thought, and teetering between his recollections of home and those piercing amber eyes that he was sure he’d be seeing much more of. Will made his way to his next lesson, avoiding any haste since he now had an excuse to give his teacher. Any trouble that Abel might make in class, however, seemed to pale in comparison to this new obligation to fret over. What were he and Hannibal going to study? Where were they supposed to meet again? Should he shine his shoes tonight or maybe pre-knot his tie before going to bed? What had he gotten himself into?

As he took each step, he calmed himself in increments by naming the emotions that swirled within him like a eddy on the seafloor – worry, confusion, panic, curiosity and then something that felt too close to excitement. His mind’s dissension brought an unwelcome flutter to his stomach and a nervous laugh bubbled from his mouth without warning. The sound echoed in the quiet, empty halls, breaking the peace of the building with his own unsettling laughter.

Regrouping and focussing on the floor again, Will tried to clear his mind as he continued down the hall to class. This birthday couldn’t end fast enough for his taste, but he wasn’t sure if it was the painful memories of his family he was trying to escape, or the promise of what a new day might just bring.

Photosynthesis

Chapter Summary

> Today, Hannibal had pushed a stray curl behind Will's ear. Much to his delight, the flustered boy released a small, hesitant sigh and turned a deep red at the unexpected finger brushing his temple. These small gestures seemed to emblazon themselves within Hannibal's skull. He was unashamedly intrigued by Will’s physical responses to him.

Chapter Notes

> So, awesome sauce... If you missed it in the notes for chapter 1, JoanieLSpeak is now on board and doing much more than editing, it really is a joint thingy now and I'm damn excited about where this is going. I updated chapter 1 with the tweaks she made so there might be some new things you missed if you want to reread!
>
> Anyway here's a new chapter! Enjoy!
>
> Becs <3
>
> ---
>
> I solemnly swear that I am up to no good. — Jo

Sheets of rain warped the view through the window of the prefect’s lounge into an impressionistic blur of green and grey. Hannibal, however, wasn’t focused on the rain; he was preoccupied with his own reflection, tightening and aligning his tie with the row of buttons down his shirt for the third time in fifteen minutes. Midway through the task, he realised he was preening. Amused, though a little perturbed by this revelation, he stilled his hands, leaving the task undone – quite a feat for a boy so meticulous about his appearance – and contented himself with merely running his palms down the front of his blazer before ambling through the lounge to rejoin Will by the lit fireplace, slipping into the adjacent leather armchair.

Initially, he’d simply been intrigued by Will’s behavior around campus. Will was quiet, but witty when he did speak, and his retorts towards antagonistic comments were often astute and scathing. But beyond that, the boy appeared to see past what others assumed of Hannibal. Will saw more than a sharply dressed pupil with an unblemished record, and Hannibal had become keenly aware of those inquisitive blue eyes locked on him when all other attention was elsewhere. It was fascinating to be seen – thrilling in fact – though Hannibal was certain Will didn't understand what exactly was drawing him to the prefect.

But there was something else – a trigger that was turning Hannibal’s interest in Will into an undeniable hunger. The way Will reacted to his voice and touch was deliciously addictive. Admittedly, the first finger laid on Will had been an irresistible action on Hannibal’s part. Something had compelled him to reach out and encroach on Will's personal space. Will’s charming reaction had

been savored to the last detail – the widening of those bright blue eyes, the pulse that had hammered against Hannibal's fingertip, his frozen breath and flushed cheeks – all from that one fleeting touch.

Since then, Hannibal couldn't deny himself any opportunity to say Will's name or lay his hands on him – it was far too gratifying a need to attempt to control. They was small things at first – straightening the tie and blazer that Will seemed to throw on haphazardly, or guiding Will out of the room with a light touch to the small of his back, or saying the boy's name slowly and prepensely to gather his attention after class. With time, his tongue and hand grew bolder and the satisfaction more intense.

Today, Hannibal had pushed a stray curl behind Will's ear. Much to his delight, the flustered boy released a small, hesitant sigh and turned a deep red at the unexpected finger brushing his temple. These small gestures seemed to emblazon themselves within Hannibal's skull. He was unashamedly intrigued by Will's physical responses to him.

Part of the appeal was Will's apparent confusion towards his own reactions. The boy seemed caught between two worlds – disorientated by his body's responses, but utterly captivated by them. Despite how bewildering the moments were for Will, there was an awakening within him like a flower on the cusp of blooming. Hannibal's need to watch those vibrant petals unfold, admire them, inhale their unique fragrance, and taste the nectar they offered, was so arousing that it bordered on maddening. The sepal protecting Will's brightly coloured petals, seemed to split and curl under the anomalous warmth Hannibal provided, and that exciting tug was almost too much for Hannibal to bear.

A slight crease formed between Hannibal's brows as he imagined the brilliance of this bloom. This flower was unique and deserved far more than the unappreciative stares of the rubes that walked the school's halls. As he spent time with Will, he found himself enamored with his fresh take on the classic literature they read aloud in class. With each new conversation, Hannibal grew fonder of Will's accent and his bold opinions of philosophy, and like a fish to a water, he was hooked.

He would sketch that bloom as it blossomed. Then he would pluck it, feel its fragile connection to the world snap beneath his fingers. He'd dry it, pressing it between the pages of his diary. There only he could touch it – the knowledge of its beauty residing only within himself and his heart raced at this exciting fantasy building within his mind.

Hannibal focused on the faint ticking of the clock on the mantel and closed his eyes, releasing a long exhale as he began rebuilding composure. It was a difficult task with Will sitting opposite him, though the boy was completely lost within a book, glasses slowly descending down his curved nose. Will was a quick study and eager, establishing the subtleties of text with elegance and grace. He effortlessly considered multiple perspectives on any given subject – a devil's advocate of white, black and grey areas.

Hannibal had never been quite so taken with another mind. It was a new territory to explore – a new intellect to dive into, and one that may even equal his own. This discovery was refreshing, but admittedly threatening as the prospect of opening up to such a mind was both dangerous and daunting to the boy who had never exposed his true nature to another living soul. But there are often great rewards for living dangerously, and though harvesting and preserving Will's bloom might leave his skin pricked or stinging, he couldn't deny his desire to safeguard his precious new friend.

Glancing at the mantelpiece, Hannibal decided it was time to file away his own thoughts as the end of their session was nearing.

With his elbows on his knees and fingers laced together, the remaining seconds of Hannibal's reverie were spent watching those full lips move silently over words that Will was carefully imprinting into

his mind.

Will's cheeks slowly pinked the longer Hannibal's gaze remained fixed on him, and when his eyes could no longer focus on the epic poem in his hands, they flitted up from the page Will was wading through of Dante's *Inferno* . "I'm sorry–," he began, a finger pushing his frames back in place, before Hannibal interrupted.

"I'm seriously considering some form of penance everytime you apologise when you needn't." He shot Will a long-suffering look in jest, brow risen to emphasize his point.

The ribbing threat, considering his reading material, forced a nervous laugh to bubble from Will's chest, and he slumped back into the armchair. His hand rubbed his jaw – a habit which usually preceded an overly taxing thought. Placing his palm on top of the book now closed on his lap, and cocked his head. "So Virgil is a personified concept, rather than an abstract symbol – to make the story seem more real?"

They had been discussing the presentation of Dante's allegory, and Hannibal nodded in agreement with Will's conclusion. "As unrealistic as it may seem, Dante's intention was to make his journey through hell as realistic as possible – hence his persistent use of historical figures. Dante had them live in the shadow of their sin or thrive from their virtues to make the humanity more relatable to his audience."

Will hummed at the assessment, and Hannibal smiled, watching Will construct his own argument.

"I get that, but his whole ideology only serves a certain era. Who in the modern age knows the virtues of Virgil or the… um–" Will furrowed his brow as he thumbed through the book, referencing a page, "the repentant nature of *Cunizza?"* he stated, his challenging gaze returning to Hannibal.

"Well, that's determined by the reader's own intelligence. Ignorance is no excuse not to explore dated works. We all have libraries of knowledge at our disposal. But I agree, it would make a much more colourful story if tyranny was represented by a six-headed demon, riding a chariot, pulled by the hounds of hell over the slain bodies of justice and humanity. But this is not a storybook, Will, and we are not children."

Will scoffed a derisive snort in disagreement. "I don't think making it more accessible would take anything away from the allegory. And Dante isn't the only poet who explores humanity and sin, and yet it's the only book we've discussed in the last two week. Don't you think your obsession with Dante is rather snobbish… no, *elitist?"* argued Will, his jaw set in stone.

Hannibal repressed his chuckle, and continued, "This isn't just *my* perspective, Will. The amount of wisdom and beauty you find in the world will only match your efforts in seeking it out. This book is no different. Dante wrote in an age when these figures were commonly known. He wasn't intending to alienate future generations. His work takes effort for the modern mind to comprehend, but the payoff is worth it."

Hannibal grinned at Will who let out a sigh and leaned back into his chair, conceding to the prefect's argument. Will scrubbed his cheeks with his hands, before his exhausted face returned Hannibal's pleasant smile, and his hands flopped back in his lap "I don't mean to argue. I'm just tired, Hannibal, I'm–" He paused, and huffed a small laugh, managing to hold back the apology they both knew had been on the tip of his tongue. "I'm not really sleeping well."

Hannibal relaxed back into his own matching armchair, hoping that Will would finally be more forthcoming about his obvious fatigue, which he'd noticed growing worse with each passing day.

“Why are you not sleeping well?”

Will groaned and bit his lip, picking at a stray thread in his shorts. “Since I’m no longer in the same lesson as him,” he hesitantly began, “Abel makes it a point to get in whatever bullying he’s deprived of in the dorm.” It was almost a whisper.

“Is that so,” said Hannibal. He’d been assuming something like this would be the cause of Will’s exhaustion, but he had not expected to feel a raging heat spread through his chest when Will finally admitted it. He took a moment to breathe before losing composure. He wanted to demand why Will had not admitted it earlier. He wanted to dig to the very roots of Will’s obvious anxiety, but it conflicted with his own natural inclination for privacy. His concern for Will was lodged somewhere between his sternum and his tongue; a small, hot ball that couldn’t be swallowed.

Leaning forward, Hannibal cleared his throat of any irritation that might colour his words. “You know you can talk to me about these problems. Is this something I should be concerned with, Will?” It was far too late for concern, as Hannibal had already toyed with this very scenario, and if played out how he intended, it could be advantageous to both he and Will.

Will grunted, trying to dismiss the distress he had displayed. “No,” he said, shaking his head. That unruly lock of hair escaped from its home behind his ear – that very lock Hannibal had already fingered once today. Hannibal frowned at both the stubborn hair and the stubborn boy. “I am sure it will be fine,” said Will. “There’s no need to worry.”

“You are sure?” he huffed, “You’re already being denied decent rest. This is inexcusable.” His tone was punctuated by a vexing aggression, and it caused Will to flinch and shift nervously in his seat. Hannibal tried to assuage his worry with a cheerful smile when those blue eyes anxiously darted around the room, searching for anything remotely reassuring – a clock to end their session, a book he may want to read later, or a perhaps a glint of sunlight shining through the storm outside – but his smile did nothing of the sort. He cursed himself for putting Will on edge instead of being a helpful and comforting friend. He knew he was lecturing, and the last thing he wanted to do was push Will away, especially after all of the work he’d done to ease him into his presence.

“It’s nothing,” said Will, sitting up in his chair. He locked eyes with Hannibal in the hopes that the prefect would back down. “They just take my blankets. I get cold at night, so I don’t sleep well. I’ll just start wearing a sweater – if I can find it.” The latter part statement was mused only to himself. Will had no doubts that he could handle his problems quite well enough on his own. There was no need to turn it into a bigger deal than it already was.

“And you believe that will solve the problem?” Hannibal’s tone was neutral enough, but there was nothing he could say to soften the critique.

Will received it loud and clear – his eyes hardening on Hannibal as he squared his shoulders. Will was many things, but he wasn’t a coward. He could stand up to Abel, if he chose to. He could stand up to Hannibal. But his retaliations against antagonism were always held back – reserved under the guise of being the better man. One could peek through this mask, however, and see flashes of a storm brewing in the blue eyes of the stoic boy – a disconcerting squall with the power to destroy a fleet.

“There isn’t anything I can do that will bring me *less* attention, Hannibal,” Will snarled. “I appreciate how you’ve helped me so far; they’ll get bored eventually. I’m still learning the ropes.” His response was clipped and weary, already regretting opening up and bearing such a weakness. Hannibal watched him for a moment, considering how he should react to such a delicate matter. Will combed his fingers through his hair and stared into the fireplace again, looking as alone as he felt.

The image of Will – alone and cold, shivering in his own bed – flickered through Hannibal's mind and a flash of possessiveness burned through his body.Will was being tormented in a place Hannibal could not tread – defenseless and freezing with no blanket or body to warm him.

"I'm sorry if I sound abrupt. I don't like seeing you treated like an animal," said Hannibal.

"Why?" snapped Will, his eyes narrowing at the unnecessary concern. Why should Hannibal care how he sleeps or how he's treated in the dorms? He could take of himself.

"Because I care about you," he replied. The candid nature of Hannibal's reply caught Will off guard. A heat crept up his neck,spreading over his cheeks, and he nervously licked his lips, before his eyes dropped back to the book in his lap – at a total loss for words.

Hannibal's grin widened at Will's apparent embarrassment, ignoring the fluttering ball of nerves that were growing in his own stomach.

"I… uh," stuttered Will,but Hannibal would be bereft of whatever words were to follow as the clock chimed, ending of their session. Will eyed the clock, mouth agape as he teetered between finishing his sentence or taking his cue to leave. This hesitation was noted by Hannibal, who's eyes still studied Will, wondering if he too felt something exciting building between them both.

Hands wiped down the front of Will's shorts as he turned back to Hannibal, unable to look him in the eye. "I should go; I don't want you to be late… or me," he said, a nervous laugh chasing his words. He then shook his head as though to cast out a worrying thought that may make him late for his next lesson.

Though, the risk of being tardy was real, Hannibal had no intention of letting Will escape his company so easily. "That's true," he replied, watching Will stand and try to tidy his untucked shirt while still juggling his book. The main hallway just outside the prefect's lounge was empty at this hour, as always, so Will decided to take this opportunity to leave before the hallways filled. As Will nodded his goodbye and turned towards the doorway to escape this anxiety-riddled exchange, Hannibal rushed in front of him. Will's scuffed shoes tapped Hannibal's toes as he skittered to a stop to avoid careening into him.

Hannibal's two-inch height advantage now felt like two feet as Will scowled at the boy who seemed hell-bent on making him blush.

"If they weren't sewn so tightly, I think you'd fidget right out of your clothes, Will," he chuckled as his hands began to straighten the lapel of Will's blazer. Though it had taken a great deal of effort over the last few weeks, it appeared as though Will was taking Hannibal's incessant grooming to heart. Will's exceptionally scuffed shoes did seem a tad shinier today.

Fingers worked the knot of Will's tie, briefly grazing the boy's neck, before they ran down the buttons of his shirt, noting the breath held tightly in Will's chest. Hannibal's eyes scoured the boy's baggy shirt and cracked leather belt until they fell to the floor, and he tutted.

"What am I to do with you?" he admonished, his tone accusatory yet fond. Will's sock had fallen down his calf, gathering at his ankle. Hannibal's hands trailed lightly down Will's sides as though he had every right in the world to do so. He knelt in a quick fluid motion, carefully running his thumbs around the band of Will's sock. Slowly, he lifted it over the pale flesh and muscle until it came to rest in its rightful place, just shy of Will's knee. His fingers lingered a moment as Hannibal indulged himself in the luxury of touching bare skin, relishing in the breath that Will finally released – a low, strangled moan that was barely audible as the tips of Hannibal's fingers traced the back of his knee.

“There,” he concluded with a smile as he stood again. In sharp contrast to his now neatly arranged uniform, Will’s face appeared undone. A shaky breath lingered between his lips, and his cheeks had flushed to a sweaty pink. The book he gripped now hovered over the fly of his shorts, his knuckles white as he struggled to conceal a very hard and very embarrassing truth about his body’s response to Hannibal’s arousing touch. His wild eyes had been caught once more between disorientation and captivation, and Hannibal yearned desperately to lure him beyond that divide.

“Thank you,” Will stuttered, his eyes searching for anyone but Hannibal to grab onto. When he found no one else, his blue eyes settled on Hannibal’s, and he released a stifled huff in a moment of unsure and naive wanting.

“It’s my pleasure, Will,” he assured, “You can come to me anytime you need help.” Will nodded hesitantly at this offer. “Never forget that I’m your friend.” The words were meant to comfort, but Hannibal quickly regretted them as a wave of disappointment washed over Will’s face, his eyes cast down again.

“I should let you go” said Will, but he made no attempt to move past Hannibal, his hands and book locked over his waist, neglecting even the glasses that sorely needed readjusting.

Clenching his teeth, Hannibal reluctantly stepped from Will’s path to let him leave the lounge at his own pace. “Until tomorrow, then,” he conceded. Far more thought would need to be put into his words and actions if Hannibal meant to break through the barriers that guarded his new friend. The wrong tone and the wrong word could send Will back into his guarded stance. This desire to break through another person’s defenses was new to Hannibal, but it was a fresh and exciting prospect, though its unpredictability made his heart race.

“Have a good afternoon, Hannibal,” said Will, and he shuffled swiftly through the door, his arms stiff and eyes fixed forward.

“And you,” Hannibal murmured to himself, as he watched Will disappear into the corridor. He was now on his own to consider his next move, hectic and impassioned plans quickly knitting together as he thought. Should he approach Will more often in class? Less often? Should he give him space, or more time to mull over his own decisions about Abel?

As their session replayed in his mind, he suddenly wondered about the awkward placement of Will’s book just before he rushed through the door. A suspicion unexpectedly bloomed in his mind, and as he quickly gathered his books and satchel to leave, a smug, satisfied grin crept across his face.

Allision

Chapter Summary

Since their somewhat embarrassing session the previous day, Will had managed to dodge Hannibal in class and in the hallways, but he couldn't evade him for long.

Chapter Notes

This bitch fucks me up.
Becs <3

Stop being dramatic, Becs. We fuck each other up equally, and you know it. We switch, er, flip.

You guys liking this? I'm liking this. Let's do more of this. — Jo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will tried to scurry as quietly as he could to the bench where the boys in his year were seated. Drawing attention to himself was not what he'd intended to do, but Hannibal had silently pulled him out of line to hold the hall doors open as students flooded the auditorium, and now that everyone had taken their seat, he had to dash down the aisle before the assembly began. The auditorium was eerily quiet except for the occasional sounds of benches creaking as pupils and teachers shifted, waiting for the last to settle. On stage, the hard grey eyes of the headmaster, Mr Crawford, were fixed on Will as he rushed down the aisle to find his seat. As Will approached his class, his shin smacked the end of the packed bench, and a loud crack resounded through the hall, drawing every other eye in the building directly to him. As embarrassment flooded him, he swore he heard snickers from his fellow classmates and that uncomfortable flush crept up the back of his neck.

Ducking his head, Will whispered his apology to the room before sliding onto the nearest half-empty bench. He hunched over, making himself as small as humanly possible, as the headmaster cleared his throat to began his monotonous speech that was meant to inspire the student body.

Will was not listening, however, his mind was racing. Since their somewhat embarrassing session the previous day, he'd managed to dodge Hannibal in class and in the hallways. Even when pulled from the line, he'd simply nodded and held the door, motionless and avoiding Hannibal's friendly commentary about the farrow of students loudly bustling into the hall. His ability to evade his new friend was about to end, unfortunately, as he'd be reporting to the prefect's lounge immediately after his next lesson.

When a boy suddenly slid down the bench to settle beside him, Will had no need to look up and identify him – it was Hannibal. It was always Hannibal. When Will would feel his skin prickle as he ate his lunch in solitude, it would be Hannibal's eyes from across the dining hall that were causing the anxious tickle. When he'd drop a book and Abel would kick it down the hall, it was Hannibal who'd

be holding it by the time Will rushed to retrieve it. When his ballpoint would run out of ink in class, it would be Hannibal's finger tapping on his shoulder to offer him a freshly filled fountain pen.

The boy shifted closer to Will, lightly caressing the small of his back, and Will's spine tensed at the touch.

"Are you ok?" Hannibal whispered.

Will hummed and nodded, unable to trust himself to speak lest he embarrasses himself with a cracking voice. He could feel that heated gaze on the side of his face, causing his skin to burn and blush, but kept his own eyes focused on the stage.

The hand hesitantly drifted from Will's back and he could finally breathe again, now that Hannibal's attention seemed to have gathered on the headmaster as well. Why Hannibal chose to sit so close, his thigh barely grazing the hem of Will's shorts was unclear, but there was an apparent kinship developing between them, that was certain.

Between them, intellectual debates were frequently fought – the winner would sport a humble smile while the loser would playfully scoff as he conceded. If neither should win or lose, they'd both agree to disagree, as friendly teasing over their varying opinions would bring flushed cheeks to both their faces. It was definitely the most welcome Will had felt since his enrollment, and it was also the most stimulated he'd ever been, both mentally and physically. Hannibal continued to challenge Will's intellect with new topics that he'd never had interest in before and he had a way of making them so captivating that Will yearned to know more, by any means necessary.

There had been no great longing within Will to travel great distances and explore new lands – certainly not since being uprooted from The States and dropped here, friendless and alone – but that was changing. The tales that Hannibal told of his homes in Lithuania and France had sparked a fire within Will, his imagination now blooming with visions of these exotic countries.

Normally, Will's daydreams were benign and straightforward. He'd imagine himself presenting a lecture to his fellow students on the importance of human compassion, or he'd visualize an entire night alone in the library where nosy students couldn't tease him over his new fascination with Renaissance artwork. Sometimes he's set sail in his mind, drifting across the Gulf in his father's boat, fishing pole in hand. In his new fantasies, however, his adventures were suddenly being had with Hannibal, and this gave him great pause.

He would now imagine he and Hannibal gathering journals and books, spending all afternoon preparing a lecture together, shoulders close as they peered down at papers, joking about the ridiculous hypotheses of doctors from centuries ago. His mental meanderings around the library after hours were no longer spent in solitude; Hannibal now joined him, offering opinions and the names of his favorite artists as he'd reach for books on the top shelf so Will wasn't forced to find a stool. His fishing fantasies also included the now bumbling prefect who would spend the trip scoffing at the incessant rocking of the boat, while Will laughed and teased him by wafting cups of bait under the boy's wrinkled nose. They'd walk along the beach and climb the walls of an inlet to find the colorful conches still clinging to rocks despite the lowering tide. These fantasies were new and breathtaking to Will because they eased a pain in his heart that he'd always felt but never quite knew how to relieve.

It was natural, he supposed, for him to grow close to the only person he'd felt a connection with here. However, he'd never felt comfortable trusting his own judgment. He'd just begun considering that something lay beyond friendship between them, marveling at the excitement that bubbled within him at the prospect when he had a brief and painful realization: Hannibal had reminded him just the day before, that they were nothing more than *friends.*

Will hadn't slept well that night, and it wasn't just the cold to blame. He didn't want to ruin the only friendship he had here by listening to the chaotic and indecipherable emotions that lay just under the surface of his skin. He could be simply seeking stability since he'd spent so much time feeling homesick lately. Hannibal's own seclusion at the school might just be drawing Will to him as a comrade-in-arms – both fighting against the cruelty and ignorance found within their fellow classmates. Whatever was causing his incessant pull toward Hannibal was nothing more than amicable in nature; Will was certain of it.

It was a single finger trailing down his calf that lurched Will from his thoughts. His widening eyes looked down to watch Hannibal's index finger curl under the band of the sock that had gathered at his ankle again. It was pulled up to his knee just as Hannibal had done yesterday, and just like yesterday Will's skin felt aflame where the pair had connected.

Hannibal righted the sock with a soft laugh meant only for Will's ears. As Will eyed those fingers, he expected the hand to return to Hannibal's lap, but instead, it remained on his calf. After a moment, the fingers grazed up his skin, sliding to the back of his knee, and followed the crease behind the joint.

Will's breath faltered as delicate patterns were traced along the back of his knee sending an unexpected thrill up his spine. Hannibal's palm then flattened against the back of his leg, until his fingers pushed aside the hem of his shorts to stroke the soft, pale skin of Will's inner thigh.

Will swallowed back a gasping breath, the shock of such an intimate touch forcing his gaze to fix Hannibal's face. The prefect's dark amber eyes were waiting for him, and as Will's mouth fell agape, Hannibal grinned back at him, as though there was nothing unusual about this secret fondling in the middle of a school assembly. Those tender fingers sent electrifying sensations through his body which trickled up his thigh and into Will's already tingling lap. Blood was gathering between his legs so Will clamped his knees together as he clenched his muscles in a desperate attempt to rid himself of the embarrassment growing in his shorts.

Someone was bound to hear his pounding heart, so Will grit his teeth and silently willed his body to calm down. As he anxiously clutched the fabric of his shorts, Hannibal withdrew his hand and casually folded it in his own lap, a smug smirk still plastered across his face. He playfully shouldered Will before turning his attention back to the stage and Will was left staring unnervingly at the side of Hannibal's face, his own hands now clenched together in his lap to cover himself as inconspicuously as he could.

Slouching his shoulders and closing his eyes, Will concentrated on the monotonous drivel spewing from the man on the stage. Students were expected to spend more time properly managing their schedules to increase productivity. There was a new "no tolerance" policy when it came to bullying which Will knew would be ignored by students and teachers alike. And then the student body was forced to suffer through another long spiel dedicated to the upcoming holiday season. Usually, these announcements would put him to sleep, but today it didn't seem to be helping. His mind was a cyclone of unanswered questions.

The way Hannibal's fingers had lingered on Will's skin, seemed entirely too intentional. The incessant groping and readjusting of Will's clothes had always left him dumbfounded, but up until yesterday, had never caused such a visceral reaction. Will had dealt with his fair share of inexplicable erections – wet dreams were often an annoying part of his morning routine, given his lack of blankets under which to hide the mess – but no one had ever caused such a response from a light and seemingly innocuous touch – that is until he met Hannibal.

His reactions weren't unpleasant, however. They caused pleasurable butterflies to flutter around his gut. They made his skin prickle and his glasses slide down the perspiration that gathered on his nose.

His feelings were slowly becoming apparent, though his mind was quick to dismiss them. Will liked Hannibal a lot – more than he'd liked anyone. But whenever their eyes would lock, his stomach knotted and doubt welled up within him. Hannibal's own feelings toward Will were still a mystery to him. The perfect was so fastidious with his words and actions, that his impression of Will still felt ambiguous. It was difficult for Will to believe that Hannibal would find such interest in him. To say he was intimidated by Hannibal's intellect and elegance was an understatement. He tried not to compare himself to his friend, but that was hard when Will felt the need to study encyclopedias each evening just to fully appreciate their daily conversations. His embarrassment had to be obvious – Hannibal was more than perceptive enough to notice – and if he did, why was he trying so hard to elicit such humiliating responses? If Hannibal hadn't noticed Will's arousal yesterday, it was more than apparent now.

Biting his lip, he relaxed as his body began to stabilize. He sighed with relief as he slid his palms down his thighs to grip his knees which were still pressed together in case Hannibal had any more clever ideas.

Though his body had settled, Will's mind was still in turmoil. Thoughts continued to ebb, swirling and churning as he sat in his guarded pose until the assembly finally ended and lines of boys began to file out in silence under the hardened glare of Mr Crawford. Will's pink cheeks hadn't abated over the course of those very long fifteen minutes, but luckily, when it was time for his row to stand and exit, he rose with no physical embarrassments and made his way out behind Hannibal.

Despite still being on the heels of the prefect who enjoyed his discomfort entirely too much, the cool air of the corridor was, at least, a relief. Will opened his mouth to speak and Hannibal turned in anticipation – a grin on his face where Will's brows were frustratingly furrowed – but once again, pressing words would be interrupted.

"Mr Graham," drummed the voice, that split his surname into two syllables. It was unmistakable, and Will flinched before turning to face the headmaster.

"Yes, Mr Crawford," said Will, nodding to the man whose presence seemed to fill the hallway. Surprisingly, Will had no problem meeting his gaze. Grey eyes studied him for a moment, no doubt used to boys that squirmed under his intense and unwavering scrutiny.

"Have you forgotten which year you belong to?"

"No Sir, I–"

"Then you sat on the wrong bench intentionally?"

Will was about to admit that he was at fault despite his reasons, and move along to his next lesson when Hannibal stepped up behind him.

"Will hurt himself, Sir, on the bench. I moved to check on his injury. It'll be a nasty bruise, I think."

That grey glare was now divided between them both, as they were weighed and measured to their bare bones. Hannibal stood tall and imposing under the ominous inspection of the headmaster.

"I appreciate you taking a special interest in our new pupil, Mr Lecter, and I've heard some promising updates about Mr Graham's progression. However, assembly is not a place for you to play musical chairs. We have rules for a reason, gentlemen. Stick to them in the future." The headmaster's gaze now fixated on Will, the boy straightening his back to mimic the prefect. "Be more mindful of where you step, Mr Graham. Now, off to your class before you're marked tardy."

Will nodded, certain that Hannibal was doing the same, and turning together, the pair walked in silence down the hall with Mr Crawford's eyes drilling into their backs.

They took the same staircase and once comfortably out of view, Hannibal let out a relieved laugh, as a smile crept across Will's face.

"Thank you," murmured Will.

"For what?" Hannibal snorted.

"You know ... for standing up for me." Will had never had a friend stand up for him before, willing to face trouble together despite the consequence.

"I'm sure you would've handled things fine on your own. Mr Crawford can see things rather black and white at times. I've managed to earn a little credence with him, so there's no reason I shouldn't use it for your benefit," replied Hannibal as they huffed to a stop on the landing of the second floor.

"Because I'm your *friend*, right?" wondered Will, unable to keep the twist of frustration from his voice. Hannibal chuckled and the inner turmoil that Will had just managed to hold at bay came crashing down on him.

The pair had reached the end of their trek together, their next lessons being held on differing floors of the building. The stairwell had since emptied, most students now sitting in their rightful seats all across campus. Will intended to say goodbye to his friend and leave, but hesitated as Hannibal slowly encroached on his personal space – a habit that Will was finally learning to accept and now somewhat appreciate.

This time, a deft finger tapped the bridge of Will's glasses, gently sliding them back up his face. The finger then followed the arm of his frames to curl around Will's ear, where it paused, casually threading through his hair. This was the closest Hannibal's face had ever been to Will, and it tipped to one side, that curious smile spreading across his lips.

Had Hannibal always had such high cheeks? They seemed downright towering now. And the way the prefect's hair fell perfectly across his forehead, nearly covering one eye, made him look polished or dashing or perhaps just menacing – Will couldn't decide.

He swallowed down the lump forming in his throat and took a long slow breath, the intake of air bringing with it Hannibal's fresh, clean scent. For a moment, whilst ensnared by those amber eyes, Will wondered how Hannibal kept his clothes smelling so undeniably pleasant.

"*Friends*," repeated Hannibal, somewhat mocking Will's tone. "You're right. We are friends." His annunciation carried his breath across Will's lips as his finger continued twisting that curl behind Will's ear. What exactly was Hannibal waiting for? Class would start soon, and here they both were, hidden in an empty stairwell, saying nothing of any value to one another and moments away from being marked tardy.

Will's gaze darted between Hannibal's dilating irises and the boy's tongue, which seemed overly preoccupied with licking his pink lips.

Will huffed out a contemptuous noise and glanced away, now bothered by the inevitable scolding he was about to receive from his maths instructor all because Hannibal wanted to fix his hair. What did the boy find so enticing about Will's appearance anyway? Why did he need to fidget with his clothes

and constantly adjust his blazer? No one else in the school had friends so eager to fix their messy hair, or teach them to tighten their tie, or even help them unknot their laces.

As he waited patiently for Hannibal to release his lock of hair, he realized those amber eyes weren't studying his unkempt hair or his crooked glasses. They weren't scouring his blazer for lost threads. They weren't even studying his loose tie. They were staring right back into Will's bright blue gaze.

In that brief and unexplainable moment, Will was adrift, his body floating in a sea of gold, and he refused to let the journey end here. His chin slowly lifted and his eyes closed as he leaned toward Hannibal, imagining just how wet those pink lips actually were.

But this was not what Will had intended to do. He and Hannibal were simply *friends* and nothing more. However, Will's sudden doubts and racing mind were too late to stop his eager mouth, and his lips met Hannibal's in a swift and impromptu kiss.

It wasn't the experience he imagined as his first kiss – soft and sweet and knowing. Will's nose awkwardly bumped against Hannibal's, and as he leaned forward, adjusting the tilt of his head, his toes stepped on Hannibal's shoes and he lost his balance. Fumbling forward, he caught himself on Hannibal's blazer as a shocked breath huffed across his cheek, punctuated by a startled groan from his intended target. Will let go and steadied his footing as he pulled away, and in that hasty moment, it was all over. Sixteen years of waiting for that very first exploration of wanting, and it was suddenly and clumsily over.

Will stumbled back, having barely noticed the resistant hands that had been delicately holding his face during his graceless departure.

"I'm so sorry – I'm sorry – I'm going; I'll see you later." Will rushed through the door, calling himself several variations of *idiot* as he ran down the empty corridor toward his class. Had he lingered a moment longer, he'd have enjoyed Hannibal's bemused smile as the boy watched him race down the hall like an embarrassed and startled puppy.

Chapter End Notes

Commissioned art of the boys by the much loved toni-of-the-trees:

She couldn't stop at one, so here's another!

Sparks and Kindling

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will would have so much to talk about if their lips weren't so preoccupied doing other things.

Chapter Notes

Becs, should we add a *thirsty!Will* tag? — Jo

Man, a *thirsty!Will* tag should be a thing. Why is it not a thing? Becs <3

Only the upper years ventured to the toilets on the top most floors of the school, but Hannibal searched them anyway, sure he'd find the cowering, shame-filled boy in one of the cubicles. Much to his surprise, they were all empty, which left him wondering where Will had actually gone after he'd fled their somewhat clumsy farewell with his tail between his legs.

Hannibal had been attempting to coax a reaction from Will, curious to see what the boy would make of his intimate and flirtatious touches. However, he'd not expected the nervous but sweet kiss that had been foisted on his lips. He'd assumed that divide would be first crossed by himself, but Will continually surprised him with his brazen attitude when faced with adversity or a new challenge, and it never ceased to amuse him.

Chewing his lip, Hannibal left the empty toilets and rounded the corner on his way to the prefect's lounge, trying to determine how he'd cover for Will's absence during their lesson, when he suddenly stopped in his tracks, a grin spreading across his face when he spotted him. He never could fully predict Will.

"I've been looking for you," said Hannibal as he approached Will's crumpled form, slouching on the floor next to the door. The words seem to straighten Will as he stood, pulling the boy up to face Hannibal, though not yet comfortable enough to meet his eyes.

"I think we need to talk, so I thought I'd wait here," he mumbled, scuffing at a mark on the floor with the toe of his shoe, hands shoved firmly into the pockets of his shorts. Hannibal's prefect duties usually sent him all over the school at any given time, and since Will had rapidly come to his sense after fleeing, he was hoping to find him and talk. The most sensible decision to make was to simply wait by the lounge until Hannibal was free. Had Hannibal not been so flustered himself, perhaps instead of scouring the toilets for Will, he would have drawn the same logical conclusion.

Hannibal opened the door to the lounge, allowing Will to scurry past, and then watched him scuttle straight to the lit fireplace. Being November, the weather was biting now, frost dusting the grounds

each morning, and yet Will refused to wear his trousers. Will's remark from yesterday about *trying* to find his sweaters, now sounded rather ominous.

Hannibal closed the door and joined Will by the fire, sensing an agitation surrounding the boy. Will was chewing his lip and fidgeting with his glasses as though he had a very pressing matter to discuss.

Hannibal had intended to allow Will to share what was obviously bothering him, but his own observation seemed a bit more pressing.

"You didn't find a sweater?" probed Hannibal.

Will cocked an eyebrow as he attempted to focus on Hannibal's seemingly irrelevant comment rather than the more important issues he obviously needed to discuss. "I – no. My sweater? I never found it, but–"

"And you're still in shorts. Where are your trousers, Will?" he interrupted, his concern now piqued.

Will's shoulders slumped and he sighed, temporarily letting go of his own pressing issues now that Hannibal had discovered a new and more immediate problem he'd been attempting to hide. "I can't find my pants either," he mumbled to his shoes.

"I find it hard to believe you're absent-minded enough to misplace all of your sweaters and trousers," said Hannibal, as he moved past the fireplace to sit on one of the sofas near the window. The fire had adequately warmed the room by this point, so they needn't crowd the hearth. Will, however, remained by the fireplace, still very much torn between two matters.

He turned to Hannibal, frustration getting the best of him. "I didn't misplace them, and it doesn't matter."

Hannibal had no intention of dropping the subject, as he leaned forward on his knees. "It does matter," he interrupted again, "What happened to them?"

Will glared at Hannibal's penetrating gaze. "Why does it matter? It has nothing to do with you," he snapped. Hannibal's reply, however, was cut short, "Ah yes, because we're *friends,* aren't we?" he scoffed, turning away as he scrubbed at his face with his hands. "I don't think I can talk about this right now, Hannibal. I have too much on my mind."

Before Will had even realized his feet were carrying him to the exit, Hannibal had hopped from his seat and was on his heels.

He pleaded as Will grasped the door handle. "You don't have to leave, Will. Why are you leaving?" It was a redundant and frankly ridiculous question, and they both knew the reason Will was uncomfortable now.

"Don't play stupid, Hannibal. You know exactly why," he snapped, as the red rage across his cheeks was slowly replaced by an embarrassing pink.

Hannibal took a step forward until Will, now feeling cornered, backed into the wall, his eyes darting anywhere but Hannibal's. "Because you kissed me, right?"

"I think I misunderstood something," he stuttered. "I just thought ... because of all the times you would–" It was Hannibal's body that halted him now, as the prefect came toe to toe with him and Will squirmed against the wall.

“I would what?”

“Straighten my clothes, fix my hair, and– and the way you … *looked* at my knee this morning. I just thought … I don’t know what I thought.” Will dropped his chin to his chest, forcing the prefect to speak to the dark curls crowning his head.

“You seem to like it when I touch you. You get *excited,* don’t you?” said Hannibal before Will could grope for more words.

The curls softly bounced as Will nodded just once in reply. “I'm sorry,” he mumbled to his feet.

It was only now dawning on Hannibal that Will may not be as certain about his feelings concerning the kiss as he was. It was unlike Hannibal to allow people to work their way under his skin like this. He was taken by Will, certainly, but it was more than an innocent interest in the blushing boy. He treasured their long fireside discussions about philosophy and human nature. No teacher, let alone a student, had ever captivated his attention like this. Will could dissect ancient philosophers. He could imagine himself as DaVinci – Michelangelo – Socrates and offer a perspective on their lives that Hannibal had never heard before. He was enamored by the boy’s sweet smile when he’d learn something new.

But now Hannibal was wracked with a feeling of dread. He’d just discovered something that he found incredibly enjoyable – a companionship with Will – but what if that affinity wasn’t reciprocated by the boy? It had been ages since Hannibal was truly honest with himself and allowed a kindling to smouldered beneath his stoic exterior. He understood what Will did to *him,* but Will seemed unsure of their connection, himself, and that sent a pained realization through Hannibal’s chest. Will didn’t *see* Hannibal like he wanted him to, so he was bound and determined to figure out just how to show himself to the boy.

With his nose brushing against curls, Hannibal savored the soft tickle and inhaled the bouquet that was now so comfortingly Will. Mossy and deep, the aroma reminded Hannibal of the long, rainy walks he’d take in late spring through the forest that surrounded his old home. He hesitated with his response, before taking another deep breath. “I like to touch you, Will.”

Will’s head tipped up, his skeptical eyes gazing into Hannibal's fervid stare, their faces so close now that they shared each other's breaths.

“I know you do, but why?”

A tiny freckle dotted Will’s nose and Hannibal studied it from this new and intimate vantage point. “I like the way you react when I’m around you,” he admitted.

“So I'm like a toy to you – just a stupid plaything for *you* to tease, too.” Will furrowed his brows at the revelation that Hannibal was nothing more than an ally to boys like Abel, mocking him to make him feel foolish.

But that wasn’t the case, and listening to Will articulate such a fear softened Hannibal’s eyes as his thumb brushed gently over Will’s lips, stalling the rest of his mistaken conclusion. He couldn’t bear the thought of Will imagining him as an enemy.

“No, not at all, actually. It was never my intention to make you feel taunted, Will. I liked it when you kissed me.” Enamored by Will’s soft lips, Hannibal framed the boy’s mouth between his thumb and forefinger, fascinated by their slight part, like the bud of a flower beginning to open in the presence of

the sun. “In fact, may I kiss you, again?” he asked, watching a bead of sweat trickle from Will’s temple.

Caught off-guard by the bold request, Will’s spine straightened as he pressed himself harder against the wall, the molding of the chair rail digging into his lower back. Hannibal wanted to kiss him? Again? Even after his clumsy, ill-timed peck in the stairwell?

Will let out a sputtering breath, drawing a smile to Hannibal’s lips as the prefect gaped at Will’s soft, wet lips. Though not making eye contact since he currently stared at Will’s mouth, there was something about Hannibal’s eyes, wide and glinting flecks of red in a sea of gold that begged for a willing response to roll off Will’s tongue. There was a look of desperation in Hannibal’s eyes – an emotion Will had never seen on the boy, and it was intoxicating. Hannibal continued to tease open Will’s lower lip, tugging it as he stared longingly, until a pink tongue briefly emerged to taste the pad of his thumb, and a quivering breath escaped the prefect’s own lips.

“I've never kissed anyone before,” added Hannibal, pressing his stomach firmly against Will. His gaze finally met those glistening, deep blue eyes, and he bit his lip.

“Me neither,” breathed Will.

“Now, that's not *entirely* true,” he whispered through a soft smirk.

“Well, I guess not, but *that* one ...,” he began before trailing off. He was not yet willing to disclose his desire to forget about that chaste and awkward kiss entirely. Surely it shouldn’t count as a proper kiss. It was sloppy and bumbling – not at all what Will had been imagining for years. His confession was suddenly swallowed as Hannibal’s nose grazed the tip of his own when his head tilted towards him. Will mirrored his movement, gulping air before Hannibal's nose slid alongside his own, nudging his glasses up from where they’d slid. Their lips then met – much slower and softer than the first time.

Hannibal’s hand rose to cradle Will's cheek, to keep him from tearing away again, safely moored to him and pressed against the wall.

They parted for a moment, Hannibal inhaling a fleeting breath, but neither waited long enough for Will to recover himself. Hannibal needed to *taste* Will, be *inside* of him. It was an urgent lust that he couldn't control. His mouth returned to Will's with more vigour, and Will’s muffled grunt at the force caused Hannibal to smirk, despite his lips being occupied. The tip of Hannibal’s tongue pushed forward, tracing the seam of Will's lips, and as they hesitantly parted further, Hannibal took that gesture as permission to continue, his tongue crudely surging into Will's mouth, to consume him as quickly as possible.

Will’s sharp gasp at the intrusion drove Hannibal's heart to race faster, as the prefect’s excited tongue traced the hard line of teeth and curled against Will’s soft tongue and lips, the taste of gum, orange juice, and worry now flooding his own mouth. Fingers clutched the front of Hannibal’s blazer, pressing their chests together and only intensifying his burning need to have all of Will at his whim and mercy. When the tentative tongue he’d been exploring suddenly nudged back, Hannibal groaned with unexpected pleasure. Will was eager, excited, and wanting to return those lust-filled touches, and Hannibal felt his body stiffen at the thought of Will hesitantly tasting him back.

Pulling back from the kiss, he observed Will's beautifully flushed face – pink and sweaty, glasses skewed and eyes unfocused – his body ready to collapse onto the floor. Those fingers still gripped his blazer, attempting to draw him back, and Hannibal sensed within the boy a desperate need that mirrored his own.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around him, as the boy peeled away from the wall, melting against Hannibal's chest, and a long sigh of relief escaped Will's lungs. Their captivation with one another appeared mutual, and as Hannibal pressed his nose against Will's neck, inhaling the boy's familiar though anxious scent, relief settled over him as well.

"You aren't going to run away again?" teased Hannibal, nudging the other boy's temple with his own. Will huffed a small, nervous laugh as his hands found their way around Hannibal's waist. "I guess not," chuckled Hannibal. "Since you've decided to stay, would you mind telling me *now* why your clothes have gone missing? It's more than a simple curiosity on my part, Will."

Will nodded against Hannibal's cheek and reluctantly loosed his arms. Figuring that he may as well get his embarrassing confession over with, Will cleared his throat and turned his attention to the sofa by the window, ambling away, assuming he'd be followed by the prefect. Hannibal did follow, no less curious by the new found confidence starting to show within Will.

They sat separated by a few aching inches, anxiously shifting as they attempted to determine whether their dynamic should be adjusted after the heated embrace they'd just enjoyed. Could their knees touch? *Should* their knees touch? This morning, a casual grazing of their thighs on the assembly bench didn't faze either of them, and now it felt like a strange test they were expected to pass. People who kissed also held hands, they cuddled together on sofas like this, and they even sat on each other's laps on occasion. Was any of that expected, or was it too soon for that behavior?

It was Will, crossing his legs and turning towards Hannibal, that settled the silent quandary. Hannibal mirrored the pose so both boys could face one another, knees *almost* touching. Though face to face now, their gazes occasionally drifted to the crackling fire or out the window to avoid eye contact which kept bringing tender grins and blushes to both their faces.

Will sighed, now realizing he had to answer Hannibal's question, and he stalled, watched his own finger trace the edge of his cushion. "Someone's been taking my clothes, but it's *not* a big deal," he insisted, "It's just some guys playing a prank. I'm the new kid so I understand why. I'm different, and people don't like–"

"Abel?" blurted Hannibal, his response hardened with accusation. This time Will knew his ire was not meant for him.

After a moment, Will shrugged. "I don't know. They sneak in at night, while I'm asleep." Hannibal's immediate growl at the comment, drew Will's worrisome eyes up to his face as he continued, "If I do something about it, though, I'll just make it worse, and I don't need to make anything harder than it already is. Right? It's hard enough, Hannibal."

Hannibal was about to add that if something were to be done in a more indirect manner, that might not be the case, but instead, he kept his plots to himself.

"You can borrow some of my slacks then; I have the weekend to take up the length. My sweaters should fit you well enough, though."

"That would be amazing." Will's immediate relief from not only having warmer clothes available to him, but also not having to confront Abel, beamed through his smile. Hannibal basked in the delight across Will's face, his own cheeks growing tight as his grin widened.

This was a concept entirely unique to Hannibal, and it nurtured a part of him that he hadn't realised had been deficient. It brought to his aching chest a profound sense of *happiness* – a simple concept, so easily dismissed by the hardened boy – but so wonderfully captivating to his body.

“What do you want to study today? I think we’ve covered Dante enough for now, if you wish to move on.” Hannibal had no interest in studying, in fact, he was certain he wouldn't be able to keep his mind on the books anyway, but it was Will's study period and he was his tutor after all.

“I don't really feel like studying, but I really should.” Will caught Hannibal's eye, and shot him a coy look that more than confirmed that his mind was also a bit preoccupied at the moment.

“You’ve been coming along in leaps and bounds, Will. And as a prefect, I’m obliged to remind you that a boy shouldn’t overwork himself. Proper time management includes rests and breaks. It’s the only way to keep the mind efficient, or were you *distracted* in assembly this morning?” Hannibal smiled, scooching closer to him, and ran a finger along the boy’s jaw to coax from Will a shy chuckle.

“I guess …,” he snickered, “I’d probably be too distracted to study anyway.” Will tilted his head toward the finger trailing along his face. As his body shuddered from the delicate tickle, he uncrossed his legs, letting his feet fall to the floor and leaned closer to the boy drawing such pleasurable sensations across his skin.

“Distracted?” quipped Hannibal, “I wonder why.” Will hummed as their eyes locked, and Hannibal noted something that he’d been aching to do that stalled his eagerness to continue.

Bringing his hands to Will's face, he paused, fingers poised on the edge of Will's frames. “Do you mind?” he wondered, and Will curiously tracked his fingers.

It was not an insignificant request. Will could manage perfectly well without his glasses, outside of reading, but he chose to keep them on throughout the day, observing the world behind a barrier and disassociating himself from an environment he had no idea how long he'd remain a part of.

Will hesitantly shook his head, and Hannibal removed his figurative shield, folding his glasses and placing them reverently on the low table in front of the sofa. Returning to Will, he brushed the pad of his thumb over the red marks left on the bridge of Will's nose. As Hannibal traced across the freckles that lined the contours of the nose he was so infatuated with, Will's eyebrows drew together and a sigh of exasperation huffed from the boy’s impatient lips.

“What are you waiting for? Just kiss me already!” Without pausing for Hannibal’s response, Will threw his body against him, crushing their mouths together. Will’s tongue darted past Hannibal’s lips in imitation of their second kiss. The act sent a sharp pulse of pleasure through Hannibal as he noted Will’s shared desire to dwell within him as well. Will’s hands hesitantly pawed at Hannibal’s shoulders, and his legs briefly quivered as they avoided placing too much weight on the boy’s lap.

No amount of weight would’ve deterred Hannibal from his desire to be completely covered by the other boy, so he wrapped his arms around Will, hauling him closer and affirming that he wanted Will’s body as tightly against his as possible.

Their kisses were short but intensifying. Each time their lips met, they adjusted their bodies a little more - widening their mouths to consume more of each other, fixing the tilt of their heads so tongues could explore deeper, or correcting the pace of their breathing so they needn’t pull away.

Hannibal had never imagined he could be so enthralled with such a childish act as making out on a sofa, but the bliss it brought to his body was intoxicating, and it was equally thrilling to find Will just as excited by their groping. The more they kissed, the more caution was thrown to the wind. How much could they do here? How far could hands travel before they were caught? At any moment their tryst could be interrupted by another prefect or worse yet, a teacher. Perversely, the thought of being caught under such intimate and lust-filled circumstances spiked Hannibal’s adrenaline.

As Hannibal unfolded his legs and reclined on the sofa, he hauled Will along with him. The muffled yelp that escaped his companion only encouraged him, especially when paired with how eager Will was to straddle his hips. Hannibal reached up and held Will's face, the kisses lingering longer now and far more passionate. There were no breaks for gasps; they now breathed as one, their hot sighs sensuously teasing each other as they tickled flushed cheeks.

Tongues slid together in a now pleasing rhythm. Will's receded and submitted until it pressed forward again, surging into Hannibal's waiting mouth like the tide coming in, every wave travelling a little further up the sand. Sometimes their lips slipped, smearing wet kisses across cheeks and chins. Sometimes teeth clinked in eagerness, but instead of embarrassment, short bursts of laughter bubbled out of them before both they fell silent again, their mouths hastily returning to one another in frantic desperation for more.

Hannibal gripped the sides of Will's neck, the pulse thrumming against his palm. It was like a primal morse code, urging him onward, so his hands trailed down Will's soft cotton shirt, feeling the tensed muscles that lay underneath.

Will shifted further up Hannibal's lap, his own hands gripping the prefect's shoulders, not quite confident enough to explore another body themselves. Will's drifting hips alone were enough to spark Hannibal's immediate arousal, and when fingers grasped tighter to his shoulders and an unexpected nip stung Hannibal's lower lip, he knew Will shared his provocative state.

Hannibal's palms finally came to rest on Will's hips, yanking him forward until their bodies were flush. His chin tipped up again to receive Will's mouth and the soft whimper that was fed to him. The effect they had on one another was now evident to them both, as their breaths hitched when a bolt of pleasure rushed from their laps.

Hannibal hauled Will forward again just to feel that surge flow through him, and both mouths dropped open, gasping at the bliss of having their erections shoved together. Will pulled away, a whimper floating from his red, swollen lips as a low groan drifted from Hannibal. Ogling Will, he absorbed every fine detail of the boy towering over him – his hesitant but willing posture, the beads of sweat on his neck, his flushed appearance both anxious and wracked with an insatiable desire. An urgent need suddenly exploded within Hannibal to taste Will's warm, pink flesh.

But Hannibal's amber gaze couldn't tear itself from Will's blue eyes as much as he longed to consume his mouth again. His hands were gliding up Will's legs instead, and the unblinking stare that held him captive was demanding his attention. Will's eyes widened and his lips parted as he peered down to watch fingers nudge under the hem of his shorts, travelling up the smooth, pale skin of his thigh.

A helpless mewl slipped from Will's lips as Hannibal's warm palms spread over his inner thigh until thumbs could trace the sensitive dip where his leg met his groin – an intimate area that had never been touched by anyone but a trusted doctor.

When Will's breath caught, alarm suddenly filled his eyes. "Hannibal! Slow down!" he hissed through his teeth, as he tried to regain control.

Watching muscles tense as Will tried to slow the rocking of his hips, forced a carnal moan from Hannibal which he tried to suppress. Biting his own lower lip, he attempted to distract himself from the overwhelming flood of sensation where Will was pressed into him.

"Should I stop?" It was a rhetorical question, as Hannibal knew he should, but had no desire to do so. He desperately yearned to watch Will fall apart from his simple touch. He longed to witness the crescendo in Will's pleasure and hear the restrained sounds that accompanied it. But he didn't want to

force anything on Will. He knew from tragic experience, how painful it was to have your personal and private decisions made for you.

“I just… I'm gonna...” Will huffed out a breath, fidgeting his fingers along Hannibal’s blazer, though trying to remain motionless. “I don't wanna make a mess,” he finally admitted, the red of his face deepening at his humiliating answer.

“I can get you spare clothes before the end of our lesson,” whispered Hannibal. His thumbs innocently stroked the skin only inches away from the edge of Will's underwear. He could feel the slight tremble that travelled through Will in anticipation.

“We might get caught.” Will glanced toward the lounge door. Within a matter of minutes, the lounge would welcome any number of prefects or teachers, and considering the scolding Will had just received earlier that morning, he highly doubted Mr Crawford would go easy on him for such a gross disregard for the school staunch code of conduct. They could both be expelled for this behavior.

“I have extremely keen hearing,” assured Hannibal with a smug grin. “We can stop if you’re worried, but I’m sure we’ll be fine.”

“Can we … Can we keep going then? I like it.” It was unlike Will to be so careless, to tempt fate with such foolhardy behavior, but Hannibal had brought him back to that space between worlds – confused by his body’s wants, but captivated by them. He ached to satisfy the impatient needs building within him, come hell or high water, and Hannibal, he was sure, knew exactly how hot or how wet to get him to satiate that growing urgency. He didn’t really like this school anyway, though he was beginning to appreciate *some* of the student body.

“Then let’s continue,” he replied, and an aching relief swept across Will’s face.

Will leaned forward to rest his forehead against Hannibal's, and his fingers lacing around the back of the prefect’s neck so his thumbs could lightly stroke through soft, neat hair. Will’s mouth hovered over Hannibal’s, his sweet breath panting against the other boy’s lips.

His hips continued rocking against Hannibal’s body when the prefect hummed. “I want to watch you cum, Will.” His low, breathy voice caused Will's eyes to roll back, and Hannibal would’ve smirked at Will’s lascivious reaction, had he not been so focused on controlling his own urge to let go.

Will whimpered his approval against Hannibal's lips, and the prefect wasted no time in taking his mouth again. Will’s lips now followed Hannibal’s lead as he allowed himself to succumb to the prefect’s seemingly expert tutelage.

Hands continued to massage trembling thighs, slowly sliding up to Will’s hips until fingers began to play with the edge of the boy’s boxers again. Hannibal found that warm, smooth indent between thigh and groin and traced a delicate line along the crease in Will’s leg until he met soft, sparse hair.

Soft noises puffed from Will's nose at the touch. Those huffing moans built until Will could no longer contain them, his mouth opening as Hannibal nipped at his lips and kissed down his neck. Hannibal wanted all of Will's pleasure – the sweet sounds, the thrilling movement of his body, the changing flush of his cheeks, the taste of his sweat which beaded on his warm skin. He groaned into Will’s shoulder as hips began to rock against him once again, a sporadic rhythm that steadied after a moment of practice.

As Hannibal's thumbs traced the outline of Will’s cock through his underwear, Will gasped and the fingers clinging to Hannibal’s neck painfully tightened. Will was panting and his body began to

shudder the more he swayed.

Hannibal nudged aside the restricting hem of Will's shorts and boxers and then his hands drifted even farther under clothes until his palm curled around the length of Will's cock.

Will’s shocked cry was muted by Hannibal’s blazer, as the boy bit into the fabric as he teetered on the edge. His hips had frozen, like the last breath in his lungs, as his focus remained fixed on the sensations being pulled from his lap.

Deft fingers fondled the smooth ridge at the tip of Will's cock, awkwardly exploring him as best as they could in their position and through clothing. It was more than enough for Will, however. His boxers had been dampened since their first embrace against the wall. Hannibal managed to draw his own name from Will’s lips with a tug of his fist, a feat that almost set off his own sexual release, but he composed himself once again so he could fully absorb the lust-filled boy still straddling this aching lap.

Two more gentle tugs later, and Will shuddered against Hannibal, his nose pushed into the prefect’s neck as he whimpered. Heat suddenly soaked the fabric between them and Hannibal stroked him through his orgasm until Will hissed with each tender touch.

As the boy stilled, Hannibal withdrew his hand from Will’s shorts, his fingers now wet and sticky. His hesitation while trying to decide where to wipe his hand while pinned to the sofa, forced an embarrassed groan to escape Will’s cringing lips.

To avoid drawing more attention to something Will clearly felt ashamed of, Hannibal quickly wrapped his arms around Will, secretly wiping his hand down the back pocket of the shorts that were about to be changed anyway.

Will snickered at Hannibal’s less than covert plan, but let the prefect hold him, his body melting and his heart still hammering against Hannibal’s chest.

“Was that ok?” whispered Hannibal when he felt Will body begin to calm.

Will nodded against him before letting out a deep sigh. “Yeah. That was … I've never felt like that before.” He fell silent for a moment, and Hannibal could almost hear him thinking.

Slowly sitting upright and gripping Hannibal’s shoulder, Will bit his lip, his blush hidden under ruddy cheeks, and he peered down at the boy grinning up at him. Will’s shirt was twisted and wrenched from his shorts, his tie had a new permanent crease from being crumpled between the two sweating boys, and his hair was glued to his temples. If it weren’t for Hannibal’s pink, puffy lips and the spitty bite make on his lapel, the prefect, on the other hand, would’ve looked ready to give a lecture.

Will’s hand trailed hesitantly down Hannibal’s chest, his fingers sliding under the boy’s blazer. “What about you? Do you want me to … I don’t know. Touch you?” His hands were suddenly stopped as Hannibal gently gripped his wrists and the prefect shook his head, placing them back on his shoulders. Hannibal’s own hands wanted to tend to Will’s needs instead – stroking wet hair from the boy’s forehead and retucking his shirt which was skewed and had to feel uncomfortable.

“You don't *have* to do anything,” he assured him. Will was welcome to touch Hannibal in any way he wanted, but only if he felt comfortable enough to do so. “You should start cleaning up,” he said, nodding to the bathroom door. “I’ll go get your clothes.”

Will studied his eyes for a moment, debating if he should insist that the sexual release be reciprocated until Hannibal suddenly sat up and kissed the dilemma away.

“Please?” Hannibal added. “The period’s almost over.” Will nodded and slid from his lap, following Hannibal's instructions, but not before darting a look back at the boy now seated on the sofa and straightening his blazer.

It was possible none of that even happened, though Will’s warm, sticky shorts would prove otherwise. It felt like a hot blur or a blinding fog. He was left adrift, confused and disoriented, but curious to know what else Hannibal’s body could do to him. He most definitely wanted to try it all again, perhaps without the barriers of clothing next time or the time restraint of a class period. He ambled to the bathroom to assess the damage, reluctantly leaving his new *intimate* friend with his own problem to deal with.

Knowing the halls were empty at this time of day was a relief, since when Hannibal stood, he suddenly realized that he’d never had to hide *this* kind of physical embarrassment before. He grinned anyway as he quickly donned his satchel to cover himself. No one would be the wiser by the time he returned, so he rushed from the lounge towards his room to gather clothes for the boy he’d just intimately satisfied, having not felt this alive in years.

Passing in the Night

Chapter Summary

Will has several unexpected conversations as well as a concerned late-night visitor.

Chapter Notes

This ended up being 10k words. Totally my fault, but in my defense: why do you care? You're thirsty for teens, sicko. — Jo

---

Will's cum tastes of PB&J! — Becs <3

Nice, Becs. We are classy. Also ... Hanni's cum tastes like jealous bitch. Will likes it because he's a dog loving slut. — Jo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will leaned against the wall by the office, waiting to be called in as he stared at his feet. Hannibal's pressed black slacks had been rolled up to avoid dragging, but otherwise fit very well – perfect in fact. Each time Will's hand would graze the silky interior of a pocket, he would enjoy a warmth blossoming from a place inside him that had been devoid of comfort for far too long, and it was not necessarily due to simply borrowing a pair of slacks from a new friend.

Trying to hide his tender, dopey smile was not an easy task. Usually his expression was solemn, reflecting his displeasure at being stuck in this unfamiliar school with no friends. It was strange to feel the warm tugs of happiness on his face, and when his lips would begin to curl up, he blushed, overcome with the memories from only a few hours ago. As the ghost of Hannibal's touches travelled across his skin, Will's breath would catch as if he were still gawking at Hannibal's sweating face when they'd hastily touched each other on the sofa in the lounge.

Will bit his lip and turned his attention to the light on the ceiling, clearing his mind of all his exhilarating but lewd thoughts. It wasn't as though he was disgusted by such thoughts, but he seemed to lose control of his own body everytime Hannibal's face popped into his head. Even the most mundane of memories – a comment about the rain, a held open door, sharing a can of soda – aroused a tidal wave of physical responses, and he was helpless to avoid the pleasure it brought him everytime he allowed himself to succumb to such thoughts.

Whenever Will spent any considerable length of time with someone new, he'd find himself adopting traits or mannerisms of the other person. It would often begin as a few linguistic habits – an *um*, a tic, or a new vocabulary word – and then hand gestures or the pace of someone's gait. Soon, he'd mimic the subtle emotions felt by another and then begin parroting their opinions. It was all unintentional, Will's blending into another, and it was often distracting and uncomfortable for him, but with

Hannibal, he could drown in himself and still want more. In fact, he'd never felt more like himself than when he was enjoying the company of his new friend. While sitting on Hannibal's lap and allowing the prefect's mouth and hands to claim him, he'd felt secluded and at peace, untouched by the world. It was euphoric. Hannibal, too, had found a treasure just as unique and valuable inside Will, though what that treasure was exactly, no one could say. But it caused Will's chest to tighten at the very thought, as though his rib cage was straining to keep that rare gift which Hannibal saw within him, safely locked away.

The sound of the office door opening dissipated Will's thoughts but not his unusually warm smile.

"Mr Graham?" asked Ms Carlin. Her terse tone and the wispy, unkempt bun of her white-blonde hair reflected the very arduous week she'd just endured at the school. Her hazel eyes studied him for a moment, a perplexed look on her face before Will realised he was still beaming like a fool. He cleared his throat and quickly dropped the smile to avoid drawing further attention to himself, but it was too late. She narrowed her eyes and scanned the hallway for any potential mischief that he may have had a hand in, before giving up and nodding into her office. He quietly weaved past her and into the room where he waited, until she gave an exasperated sigh and gestured for him to sit.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, and she gave him a smirk that she only seemed to be conjured when the young man worked his southern charm on the prim secretary. "Your hair looks very nice today."

She smiled and quickly fixed the hair that had fallen over her glasses while she absentmindedly fingered the rosary beads that she kept on her desk – a habit Will had observed in the past.

"Well, thank you, Mr Graham, but you should go ahead; he's waiting for you." She waved towards the phone before returning her attention to the papers carefully laid across her desk.

Will grabbed the receiver, eagerly pressing it to his ear and slouched towards the wall, giving himself a small measure of privacy. He hated taking phone calls in front of other people, but he couldn't escape Ms Carlin in her own office, and he was certainly not going to ask her to leave.

"Hey, Dad."

"Hey, Will! Happy belated birthday! Did you get my card?" The bubbly, familiar voice on the other end of the line made Will smile through pangs of heartsickness.

"Yeah, I did, and I got the money too. Thanks, Dad. How'd you get a card like that offshore?" It wasn't the most important question to ask, since he hadn't spoken to his father in weeks, but apart from his new and evolving relationship with Hannibal, he had nothing new to report. He'd spent hours examining his birthday card, missing his father, and the most important thing to him now, was just hearing the man's voice.

"Well gee whiz, I miss you too," he chuckled, and the laugh was as good as a hug to Will. "*I bought it right before I got on the boat. Saw it at a shop near the dock and thought of you. I was hoping it would remind you of the schooners we saw last summer."*

"It did – same color any everything." He paused for a moment as the thought of home tied his stomach in knots. "How are you doing, Dad? Work going okay?"

"I'm fine; work's fine; you know me." His dad was always ok. He was the anchor in Will's life and the man tried his hardest to never worry his son. Since he was all Will had, he'd done his best to provide his boy with all the comforts he could give, despite his meager paycheck and unpredictable profession.

“So, Will, I was talking to ... Ms Carlin is it? And she was telling me some pretty interesting things.”

The secretary seemed preoccupied with her desk, and Will hoped his father wasn't about to say anything inappropriate. Sometimes his humour was crude, and Will liked Ms Carlin – she was always pleasant to him when she’d let her reserve slip. Will lowered his voice. “What did she say?”

“She mentioned you made a friend.”

The flush across his cheeks forced Will to shrink closer to the wall. As he quickly groped his mind for a response, he suddenly realised Ms Carlin would only know of Hannibal as his tutor and nothing more. “Oh, yeah. I guess I did make a friend.” A nervous laugh chased his words. “But it’s nothing. I don’t really want to talk about it. He’s just a boy that tutors me between classes.”

“That's great, Willy! You’re supposed to be making new friends! Nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“Dad! Don't call me that; I'm not a kid anymore, and why would I be embarrassed? I can make friends … I mean, if I want to.”

“I know you can. You’ve just always had trouble with that – you know, being social with kids your own age. I was surprised to hear that someone caught your eye.”

“No one *caught my eye,* Dad. He’s just my tutor. We get along. We like the same books and stuff. That’s it.”

“No need to bite my head off. But, I mean, come on Will – a friend? I’m your old man, kiddo, I know you. This boy’s got to be more than just some regular Joe who likes the same books as you. You’re very picky, son, and don’t try to deny it.”

“I’m not denying anything.”

“Then tell me about him. Ms Carlin said his name … it was a funny thing … Cannibal?” His amused laugh made Will bristle.

“No, it's *Hannibal,* Dad. With an *H.”* He tried to be discreet, but the secretary smirked when she overheard.

“Europeans have some damn funny names, don’t they? I’m working with a Miguel and a Tobias. Can you believe that? They all sound like old-timey explorers to me. What was the name of that–”

“Tobias Furneaux, Dad, he sailed with Captain Cook.”

“That’s it ... Furneaux. You amaze me, kid. This is what I’m talking about, Will. You’re smart and you’re special, and I bet this new friend of yours is special too. Like minds are attracted to each other ... or whatever the saying is.” Will closed his eyes and grit his teeth as he waited for his father's long-winded train of thought to end. *“Now, your friend though … she say he's a prefect? How old is he?”*

“He’s my age.”

“Well, that's good. Tell me about him. I want ‘the deets’ as you kids say.”

Will cringed and cradled his forehead, trying to remember that his father always meant well. “I don’t know what you’re expecting me to say, Dad, he’s just a regular student. He likes Dante Alighieri and we listen to Mozart sometimes. He got me into Renaissance artists – Michelangelo and Botticelli – and he’s really good at drawing. You should see his sketchbook – it’s amazing.” Will had poured

through Hannibal sketchbook, fascinated by the realism he was able to capture – fingers gripping pens, the curvature of an ear, pouty lips, and freckles down a crooked nose – all amazingly detailed and meticulously crafted. “And I guess he’s tall – taller than me, anyway – and blond and he has these eyes … I’ve never seen someone with eye like his; they’re yellow, or no *gold* with these flecks of red through them. When he stands by a window, it looks like he has these little pieces of copper floating over his–” He suddenly stopped and grimaced, realizing how much he was prattling on. The phone had gone silent, and he secretly prayed the line had disconnected. “Um, Dad?”

“I’m here. I’m just ... I’m just listening, kid.”

“Yeah, so … how’s work?” He eagerly pressed the conversation onward, hoping to move it along without further embarrassment since his father had a tendency to make unprecedented mountains out of molehills.

There was a hesitation before his father’s reply and it drew Will's full attention. *“It's going good,”* he said. *“Job’s good. People are good. Everything is good here. Nothing to worry about.”*

“You said *good* four times, Dad. You only do that when you’re hiding something. Why did you just tell me *not* to worry? Something happened, didn’t it? What's going on?”

“I said there’s nothing to worry about, Will. Don’t freak out on me, now. I just heard that the job here isn't as solid as everyone thought. We might have to pack up a little sooner than expected.”

Will squirmed as a wave of panic flooded him. “But you said we’d be in Europe for the entire year, Dad. It’s barely been two months!” Just a few weeks ago, this news would have been welcomed with open arms, but his world was different now. It wasn’t just himself and his father anymore. He’d found someone else to feel connected to, and he didn't want to lose his new interest so suddenly.

“I shouldn't have said anything, Will. You don't need to worry about this. I'm sure it's nothing.” Will didn't answer him; his mind was already frantically imaging all the horrible scenarios that could befall him – having to pack up his meager belongings again and move, being forced to live alone and on other side of the world, leaving Hannibal before he’d really gotten to know the boy. His father understood his son’s nervous pause and tried to lighten the mood. *“It sounds like this Hannibal kid must be a pretty good friend then, huh, kiddo? Like maybe you two are getting sort of close?”*

Will's face heated as he twirled the telephone cord around his finger. “He’s my tutor,” he said, and then huffed when his dad coughed loudly in an attempt to hide a laugh. “Stop it, Dad.”

“What? I didn't say anything.” The man tried to make his voice as innocent as possible, but Will could hear his amusement. His father had always been overly enthusiastic about Will experiencing a normal teenage life: having a crush, going to parties, and making friends that weren’t librarians or guards at a museum. It had always worried his father that Will had never been interested in making lots of friends, and even though it was embarrassing and somewhat tactless, Will felt strangely comforted to have his dad’s approval when it came to taking an interest in a classmate.

“You know, I've seen ‘documentaries ’ about boarding schools,” he continued, placing an inordinate amount of emphasis on his words to drive home that he was not speaking of documentaries at all. *“Lots of interesting things happen behind those closed dormitory doors. All those young kids with their hormones flying around ... lots of experimentation–”*

“Oh my God, Dad, please stop.” Will hid his crimson face, and Ms Carlin was trying her best to hide her own growing smile, although she could only catch Will's side of the conversation.

"The level of education is always thorough, if you know what I mean," he continued, not bothering to hide his chuckle as Will groaned to himself. *"Everyone gets a lot of practice, is what I'm saying ... with each other, is what I mean. And it's all natural, Will. It's okay to be curious about your body ... and other people's body parts, too. You've always been an inquisitive kid, so it makes sense that you'd want to, you know, have options, play the field a little, try new things."*

"Dad, I'm begging you. I can't– It's not like that, just stop," he pleaded.

"My best friend was in a fraternity, Will – you remember you're Uncle Tony. I know what goes on when you get a bunch of young guys together – it's like a party in a locker room twenty-four seven. And I want you to know that I'm not embarrassed to talk to you about it, and you shouldn't be ashamed either. You can always talk to me about anything going on in your life, Will, and I'll always help you." He suddenly paused as he rethought his offer. *"Well, maybe I can't help you with everything. I mean ... I'd probably give you terrible advice if you ever asked what to do with his, you know, the other guy's pecker."*

"Oh God, Dad! Please!"

"I mean, it's not my cup of tea, but hey, you can drink whatever you want and I will support you, one-hundred percent. And remember, you don't have to drink anything that you don't want to drink. Don't let anyone pressure you, Will; you can always spit it out. I mean … You know what? Nevermind. But don't forget, Will, you're in England – they drink a lot of tea there; all the time, actually. So I get it, son. Enjoy the tea while you're young, and have a taste for it–"

"Just stop! I'm not drinking any goddamn tea!" A pen behind him clattered to the floor, but Will ignore the sound and huddled closer to the wall. "I just mean, I'm good. School's good. Hannibal's … good. Everything's good, okay?"

"Hey, you watch your language, young man, and you just said good *four times. Something you want to discuss? Is he pressuring you to do stuff with him? He better not be. Did he touch you, Will?"*

"Oh my God, no! We're just–" He glanced over his shoulder to catch Ms Carlin side-eyeing him. "Friends. We're friends, Dad."

"Then maybe you're thinking about having some tea with him, which is totally fine, or maybe you're imagining something else your tutor might teach you – maybe about how your body works?"

"I swear to God, Dad, I will hang up the phone."

"Okay, okay. I'm sorry," he laughed, but he didn't sound sorry at all. He cleared his throat, temporarily suppressing his mirth as he became serious. *"Just be careful, son – and I don't mean like STDs,"* he said, and Will moaned as he cradled his eyes. *"Actually, watch out for those, too, but more importantly: be careful with your heart, kid. You've only got the one and he's your first. Don't let him break it, okay?"*

Will sighed, thoroughly exasperated, but eternally grateful to hear his father's voice now more than ever before. "Yeah, Dad. I know. I'll be careful."

"And try not to worry about the job. Things'll be fine here." For as long as Will could remember, his father had always thought things were fine, when the reality was often far from it.

"I'll try not to worry," he said, attempting to sound reassured but his father hummed, unconvinced. Will's reluctance to say goodbye was just as painful for his father. The pair had only ever had each

other, and Will wasn't ashamed by how close they were, despite being polar opposites. Neither of them had wanted to make the move overseas, but they followed jobs as needed, though this trip had been far more taxing than most.

“I miss you, Dad, and thanks again for the card.”

“Miss you too, kiddo. And I love you to death, you know that, right?”

“I know, Dad, and I love you, too.”

“Oh, hey, um, give him a big old kiss for me, will you, Son?” he snickered.

Will groaned and chucked at his goofy, but well-intentioned father. “Bye, Dad.” He held the phone to his ear until he heard his father’s farewell and the line disconnect. With a sigh, he replaced the receiver and studied the desk for a moment, missing the sympathetic look that was spared him by the secretary.

Will stood and smoothed his new trousers before making his way to the door. “Thank you, ma'am.” He shot Miss Carlin a lopsided grin as he opened the door.

She pursed her lips, repressing a smirk. “Have a good weekend, love.”

“You too.” With that, he slipped into the empty hall.

The dinner hour had just ended, and if his conversation with his father had concluded a little earlier, Will might have been able to hurry back to the dining hall and still caught Hannibal, but it was too late now, and curfew would split them apart. He’d almost not taken the call at all, and as hard as it was to admit that he may have chosen to spend time with Hannibal in lieu of speaking with his father, it was nice to find out his dad was happy to hear about his new friend.

Shoving his hands inside his pockets, Will made his way to his dorm. At least he had two quiet nights ahead of him since the weekend sent many pupils, including Abel, home until Sunday afternoon. Will had a typically quiet dorm and only one of his five roommates stayed most weekends, but Matthew tended to keep to himself. He was a reserved, scrawny American boy whose father was temporarily stationed in England. The pair had a few things in common, and there was nothing Will found particularly offensive about Matt except that he did seem a little preoccupied with hanging around Will when they were alone. When Will would study, sprawled out with books on his bed, Matt would often ask to sit and read at the foot of the bed so they could periodically talk. The boy complained about his disdain for English accents, and Will was happy to oblige with friendly banter in their common tongue, though it did interrupt his studying. Matt even shared his drinks and snacks with him which was kind, but as far as Will was concerned, unnecessary. The activities across campus that weekend were sure to keep Matt occupied, so for the next two glorious days, Will was alone.

After a quick shower down the hall, Will readied for bed, his mind still racing with all the worry his father had inadvertently placed on him. Could his Dad’s job really end that quickly, sending them back to the States? And if it did, when would it happen – in a week, a month, after Christmas? Would he be pulled out of school yet again? Could he stay here in England until the end of the term?

Once he’d exhausted himself of all the potential scenarios, his mind finally drifted to Hannibal. What was he doing right then and what might the pair do with their free time this weekend? Will wanted to spend as much time as possible with the prefect, but did Hannibal want that as well?

As he stood by the bed in his shorts and t-shirt, tousling his curls with a towel, his mind inevitably wandered back to those precious moments in the prefect's lounge. The experience seemed unreal. Hannibal's hands had felt so natural on his skin, awakening sensations Will hadn't known existed. As he'd relaxed into Hannibal's body, his pleasure had swelled and his nerves seemed to burn blissfully in strange areas of his body – from the soles of his feet to his nipples and the palms of his hands. The relief that flooded him as he climaxed was pure, white, and warm. During that experience, he'd never felt his mind so empty of worry. Hannibal's body had cocooned him in his isolation and kept him safe, a sensation he could easily become addicted to.

He exhaled his long-held breath, and hung his towel on the hook near his bed, attempting to remain silent. Thankfully, Matthew was already snoring on the other side of the room, so Will could at least enjoy some solitude should he choose to take advantage of the late hour, the nearly-empty room, and his racy memories that were already arousing him.

Will had claimed the bed in the far corner of the dorm room. It had remained unoccupied mostly because it was under the drafty window, but it was also the most secluded – a feature that his more social roommates hadn't appreciated. With little effort, Will had arranged a long set of shelves to cordon off his bed, creating a makeshift half-wall which gave him a modicum of privacy.

Climbing into bed, Will closed the curtain separating himself from the dark, blanketing sky outside. On nights when he wasn't so drained, Will might study the constellations, imagining which clusters of stars he would be seeing if he were home, or which might be hovering over his father's head at that moment, or perhaps, if at any point, Hannibal was viewing them as well, from his own window across campus. But tonight, he was weary from a long week and looking forward to enjoying his blankets for the next few days.

Wriggling down the mattress, Will turned on his side and let out a contented sigh. There were certainly things he could worrying about, but right now, as he drifted off to sleep, he chose to be happy instead.

Will's eyes snapped open when a line was drawn down the arch of his foot. He jerked his knees to his chest, his heart racing as he stared into the pitch black room, preparing himself for a prank to be played at his expense. But there was nothing – no bowl of warm water by his bed, nor flashlights illuminating masks. He quickly scanned what he could see of his arms in the dimness to find no scribbles or swear words scrawled across his skin. The only sounds echoing in the otherwise silent room, were Matthew's soft snores. His bullies were gone, so what had just touched him?

Blinking, Will tried to make out the dark shape he now noticed at the foot of his bed. Something in his gut had a vague idea who might be lurking so stealthily.

"I didn't mean to scare you," said the low whisper of the shadow.

"You didn't ... I mean, I didn't know it was you," he breathed back, his pulse beginning to calm. *"What's wrong, Hannibal? Did something happen?"*

"I wanted to make sure you were warm," he replied, shifting up the mattress and tugging on the blanket. Will propped himself up on his elbows trying to focus on the approaching form, the faint glow of the night sky glinting off Hannibal's eyes and highlighting his cheekbones.

"It's the weekend, Hannibal. Abel isn't here to take it. Did you forget what day it is?" Will rubbed his eyes. There was no reason for Hannibal to not know this. The prefect used to sleep in this dorm until

he'd been granted a smaller, but less crowded room at the beginning of the year. *"Why are you really here, Hannibal?"*

There was a brief pause before the darkened body moved closer to Will and a snicker huffed from Hannibal's mouth. *"I didn't get to say goodnight."*

Will hummed in reply and suddenly shivered as an anticipation rose up at the thought of what Hannibal might be implying. His heart raced, but he felt Hannibal freeze on the bed.

"I can go if you're uncomfortable," he whispered as he leaned away.

Will's arm shot out and quickly groped for Hannibal's wrist. *"I'm not uncomfortable. Stay."* He hadn't meant for the request to sound quite so urgent. He'd felt so alone for most of his life that he couldn't bring himself to banish the only person he'd felt connected too, no matter the time of day or the inappropriate nature of the meeting.

Instead of replying, Hannibal inched up the bed and pulled back the blankets, sliding next to Will who slowly reclined back to his pillow. Both boys lied unmoving in the narrow bed, managing to maintain an inch of no man's land between them as they both stared at the darkened ceiling.

Will had never shared a bed with anyone, and the entire experience was beginning to feel as surreal as their encounter on the couch. Sometimes, if he had a nightmare or a loud storm rattled his windows, he would sneak into his father's bed, but he'd been a child then and those circumstances were nothing like *this* .

The awareness he had of the warm body next to him was extraordinary. He wondered if Hannibal's eyes were shut or what he was focused on if they were open. Were his hands at his sides, on his stomach? What was he thinking? Was his pulse racing, too?

Will felt Hannibal's face turn until the boy's lips hovered over his ear. *"Are you okay with this?"* The warm air caressed Will's cheek and coaxed from him a small, nervous squeak.

All of Will's brazen behaviour in the prefects' lounge had suddenly evaporated under the weight of whatever Hannibal's expectations now were. Maybe Hannibal saw this as a sleepover, now that they were on more friendly terms. But, they were a bit more than friends now. Were they supposed to kiss every time they were alone? Will wanted to, but did Hannibal? Couples did other things when they laid in bed together – more intimate things – but Will wasn't certain they were a couple. The door was closed too, and his father had mentioned the activities that happened behind closed doors.

"You're not very talkative, Will. Is something wrong?" The slight uptick to his tone confirmed Hannibal's smug grin and it suddenly grated on Will's last anxious nerve.

"What were you expecting, genius? A philosophical debate? It's the middle of the night."

"So?" he snickered.

"So, I don't usually wake up at midnight, or whatever stupid time this is, to discuss Oscar Wilde or whatever random thought made you waltz in here like you own the place."

"I already told you why I came here," teased Hannibal, "To make sure you had a blanket and–"

"To say goodnight, right? Well goodnight, Hannibal – sleep tight. Don't let the bedbugs bite you in the ass." Will's voice was practically shrill. His anger over the invasion of his bed only grew as Hannibal shushed him between chuckles.

“Someone will hear us; you have to stay quiet,” the prefect chided.

“You don’t get to order me around,” he whispered, and then grimaced as he realized he was complying with Hannibal’s request anyway. He huffed and folded his arms over his chest, burning holes in the ceiling. Why was he so angry? His stomach was in knots and he wanted to scream. There was no way Hannibal was there just to say goodnight.

As the seconds ticked past, his frown finally softened. He wasn’t angry, he was impatient and brimming with self-doubt. He wanted so badly to touch someone and be touched by another person. Despite their tryst in the lounge and the very fact that Hannibal had crawled into his bed in the dead of night, logic played no part here, only Will’s self-doubt. Surely Hannibal wasn’t here for him; he was just making sure he had a blanket.

Will opened his mouth to apologise for snapping at him, but was interrupted by a low breathy voice from the darkness beside him. *“I missed you,”* it whispered.

They were just three simple words, but they enveloped Will, absorbing into his skin and dissolving the thin walls of his reserve.

Being caught by Hannibal’s attention – being noticed and feeling important to him – had been intoxicating and the excitement had tingled in Will’s stomach since their first kiss. But to feel *wanted* was like feeling whole, his body welling up with a fullness unlike anything he’d ever felt before. Those words made his belly ache, not tingle, and a soft whimper escaped Will's throat when he discovered how much he ached for him in return.

“Will?” the voice whispered. *“Are you feeling alright?”* The concern was genuine, but quickly dismissed when Will suddenly lunged at Hannibal, his mouth swallowing the prefect’s surprised laugh when their lips met with a fierce, wet kiss.

Fingers gripped Will's hair and his eyes rolled back as he savored the new thrill of kissing Hannibal like this, sprawled on top of him with his self-doubt melting into the prefect’s eager mouth. After a few awkward slips, they rediscovered the rhythm they’d found earlier that day: long, slow thrusts of Will's tongue as it writhed against Hannibal's. Lips and chins wetted, and noses rubbed as their heads tilted and shifted to deepen the kiss. Will was relieved to find the pleasure that he’d remembered was not just wishful, rose-tinted memories; it was just as wonderful as he recalled.

Hannibal’s hands roamed down Will's back until he gripped the boy’s waist, and he hauled Will on top of him. Blankets were pushed aside and forgotten as they enjoyed the warmth of each other’s bodies instead. While Hannibal moved with grace and confidence, carefully drawing Will’s lap over his own, Will was left pawing at the sheets like a lost puppy. He felt ungainly and uncoordinated, he knees settling at odd angles on either side of Hannibal’s thigh and his hands clumsily groping the bed for stability.

When Hannibal gently coaxed him to relax onto his chest, Will let his restless fingers comb through the prefect’s soft hair. It was as silky as he’d imagined, and he suddenly felt guilty for being so short-tempered with him. Will mumbled an apology through a sloppy kiss, and Hannibal laughed, reaching up to gently persuade their mouths to part.

“And for what exactly are you apologizing?” he asked. The question was punctuated with a peck on Will's chin and then another on the corner of his mouth, leaving Will’s skin tingling in their wake.

“For being an asshole.”

“I like you, even when you're an asshole.”

“You say that now.”

Hannibal shushed him with a tap on Will’s lips and the prefect’s mouth curved into a smile. Will studied the undulating lines of his lips in the sliver of moonlight that crept in beneath the curtain. He was mesmerized by them for a moment before suddenly narrowing his eyes.

“Don't shush me,” he whispered, *“You need to quit telling me what to–”*

Lips were thrust against his as Hannibal halted his behest with another kiss. The tongue that fought its way between Will’s lips instantly settled his abrupt irritation, and Will moaned into the mouth that had been forced against his.

There was no need to talk now. All thoughts were pushed from Will’s mind as he became increasingly conscious of how tightly their bodies were pressed together and how thin their pyjamas were. The kisses became more frantic and broken by irregular gasps, as Will searched for something deeper to feel, something *more* exciting than just their frenzied kisses.

He leaned on his elbows, framing the prefect’s face with his arms to better angle his mouth, and Hannibal’s grip tightened on his hips. Their bodies brushed together and Will gasped when his hard cock rubbed against Hannibal’s stomach. The sound mesmerized Hannibal, and he quickly yanked on Will’s hips again, desperate to hear it and feel the sensation another time.

Will was finally able to feel how hard Hannibal had become and it was so exhilarating that he needed to feel more of him. He clumsily crawled up Hannibal’s body and straddled his lap, their kisses ignored as they grew distracted by the building pressure between their bellies. A kaleidoscope of butterflies swirled and swarmed in Will’s stomach as Hannibal groped for the hem of the boy’s t-shirt, quickly snaking his hands under it. Tickling fingers trailed up and down Will’s back before coming to rest on his hips. They gripped and lurched Will forward, urging him into a more rhythmic pace and Will yielded to those desperate, eager hands.

Will sat up and both boys took the opportunity to catch their gasping breaths. Though the room was black, they could both feel the unspoken urgency building between them. What they were doing felt beyond satisfying – it felt almost necessary. They barely knew each other and were breaking every rule in the student handbook, but they refused to refrain from discovering as much as they could about each other’s minds and bodies. They couldn’t escape the high they felt each time they kissed or raked their fingers over the skin of the other.

Rough, inexperienced hands were shoved under Will’s shirt again, ready to claim every inch of his virgin skin. A sudden scratching up his back made him gasp, and then thumbs raced up his chest, flicking his nipples, forcing them to stiffen and ache. Fingers gouged into his ribs as they wrenched him harder against the body between his knees. But when nails scraped across the soft, sensitive skin of his stomach, Will finally hissed and jerked away.

“That hurts! Stop it!”

Hannibal’s hands quickly rushed away. *“I’m sorry,”* he whispered. *“I’m sorry. I didn’t– I didn’t mean to–”*

Will clenched his teeth and gently fingered the tender scrapes running across his belly. *“It’s okay,”* he whispered. But the total silence from the other boy seemed deafening in the dark room. *“It’s okay. I just– It hurt a little.”*

“I didn’t mean to hurt you, Will. I really didn’t–” The breathy whisper shook as it spoke and a soft sympathetic ache began to spread through Will’s chest.

“I’m okay,” he quietly affirmed and then leaned down to brush his lips across Hannibal’s cheek. *“I don’t want you to stop, Hannibal.”*

Will kissed him again and slowly sat back up, steadying himself on Hannibal’s lap. He carefully lifted the prefect’s shirt to expose several inches of pale skin. He wasn’t hurt, and he was just as excited as Hannibal, though perhaps a little more restrained. He wanted to feel more than just Hannibal’s frantic hands all over his body, so he pulled up his own shirt and leaned forward again, nuzzling Hannibal’s neck as their naked bellies pressed together. Will rocked his hips, but his back remained untouched, so he carefully guided Hannibal’s hands under his tee-shirt again where they finally relaxed and slid up to massage his shoulder.

Without another word, they slowly found a new rhythm, grinding together to feel as close to each other as they could. When the pressure against his cock was too much, Will whimpered against Hannibal’s neck and the sound urged the prefect’s hands down his body to hook the waistband of Will’s shorts. He wrenched them down, exposing the tip of Will’s cock and as they lurched together, it grazed the naked skin of Hannibal’s stomach, leaving a stream of precum just under his belly button. Embarrassment flashed across Will’s face. “I’m sorr–”

Hannibal’s quickly muffled Will’s lips with his hand. “I hope you weren’t about to apologize,” he whispered between huffing breaths. “I have yet to settle on a punishment for your needless apologies, Will.”

Another mumbled apology was muffled by the palm, and Hannibal tugged Will’s hips again to hear a deepening moan as Will leaked more of his excitement across the prefect’s skin. Only Hannibal’s thin cotton shorts separated the lengths of their cocks as they rubbed together. More fervent groans were collected by the sweaty hand, each one growing with desperation as Will felt the hard ridge of Hannibal’s cock with his own, writhing against the prefect in a spiralling frenzy.

A tranquility descended upon Will as though he was being submerged in the quiet one feels deep underwater. But this water wasn’t cool and relaxing, it was hot and violent, a vast boiling sea of heat and passion.

Will’s mouth was released and he squeezed his eyes shut, his sweaty forehead resting against Hannibal's, blood pounding in his ears as the heat enveloping him began to twist and tighten like the two hands now gripping his waist. Each time Will thrust forward, the warmth of Hannibal’s stomach glided along his cock and as they rubbed, his thighs began to shake in anticipation. Will tipped his head to rest against Hannibal’s neck, and upon finding the prefect’s steady pulse, matched its pace when he suddenly felt Hannibal’s nose nuzzle his hair.

“Let go, Will, and cum on me.”

The prefect’s gruff order ripped through Will just as forcefully now as it had in the lounge. Hannibal wanted to feel his pleasure as much as Will wanted to share it, and the boy was more than willing to share it. He let out a pathetic mewl and the excitement of being allowed to relieve his growing ache, swelled in his chest like a churning storm. He sat up and grabbed the base of his cock, squeezing and stroking as he felt Hannibal’s fingers comb through the hair just under his own groping fist.

With every inch closer, the fingers fondled more and more soft hair until Will felt his fist being wrapped with Hannibal’s. He moaned and continued stroking himself while Hannibal’s palm moved alongside his until Will released his grip entirely to let Hannibal touch his cock at will.

Hannibal carefully tugged at the base and then his fingers slid across the slicked tip, listening for soft, breathy huffs hovering over him in the darkness. Will's eyes rolled back and he briefly pawed for the towel hanging next to the bed. His arm dropped without the towel and his body lurched into Hannibal's fist as he came in long, warm spurts all over Hannibal's bare stomach.

It should have felt wrong to be breaking the school's rules against sexual fraternization by dirtying his sheets with another boy in the middle of the night. He should have felt terrified to be caught by someone – naked, aroused, and on top of a *prefect,* no less – but he didn't. This moment which he shared with someone who understood Will on a deep and meaningful level, was far more important than detention, suspension, or even expulsion.

His head was swimming through the clouded heat gathered between them, and he could just faintly see the whites of eyes studying his body through the dim light. Will had enjoyed the act of pleasuring himself with Hannibal just as much as Hannibal had enjoyed watching him touch his own body moments before he did.

Letting out a deep breath, Will began to compose itself, his eyes slowly focusing on the boy lying below him. Hannibal was quiet and Will could barely discern the glint of his toothy grin. He smiled back and watched the dark form of a hand reach up to his face and graze his parted lips. A thumb tugged at Will's bottom lip and then slipped in his mouth, gently brushing against his soft tongue. Will closed his lips and gently sucked, still staring at Hannibal's darkened face, realizing that the finger now in his mouth had trailed over Hannibal's sticky stomach before reaching for his face. The thought of what he was tasting was initially off-putting, but with each flick of his tongue over Hannibal's thumb, he listened to the boy below him whimper and felt Hannibal's body jerk as he tried to maintain self-control.

When Will had had enough teasing, he let the wet thumb drop from his mouth. He was seconds away from offering Hannibal his towel to wipe up, when the overhead light suddenly flooded the dorm room. Will squinted and covered his eyes, diving down to the edge of bed as Hannibal scrambled to cover them both with the sheet. As the blanket rushed over them, Will slipped from the mattress and collapsed on his back to the cold floor.

A gravelly voice drifted through the brightly lit room. "Sorry, Will," it called, "Didn't mean to wake you up. I just can't find my stupid pants."

From the floor, Will could hear Matthew digging under the bed on the other side of the room, searching for the pyjamas. The noise suddenly stopped and footsteps approached.

"Did you just fall out of bed?"

Will tucked himself back in his shorts and scrambled to his feet, rushing from around the bookcase by his bed. Matthew was donning his pyjama bottoms as Will stumbled to a stop, still squinting in the bright light.

"I didn't fall out," he stuttered, "I mean, the light just surprised me. I was already up …" He stopped for a moment to think and cleared his throat. "I got up to use the bathroom."

A wide grin spread across Matthew's face. "Me too!" He reached for the door handle and tugged on Will's sleeve, forcing the boy to follow him out of the dorm room.

Will glanced back at his bed, but saw nothing but the twisted lump of pillows and blankets and was soon dragged from the room by his roommate who seemed entirely too eager to be joining him on a random trip to the toilets in the middle of the night.

In the light of the hall, Will straightened his crumpled shirt and smoothed down his hair as he stared at the back of Matthew's head.

"Did you know that the Iroquois used to eat their enemies to take their strength?" he blabbed over his shoulder.

Will scowled as the bathroom door swung open. "The Iroquois? Like the Native American tribe?"

"We were talking about New World explorers in history – you know, like Columbus and Cortes – and no one here knows anything about Indians."

The pair stopped in front of two urinals as Matthew casually pulled down the front of his pyjamas, exposing himself as Will glanced away. "Well, why would they study Native Americans, Matt. It's not really British history." This whole conversation seemed surreal and Will's eyes had barely adjusted so he leaned his hand on the tiled wall.

"Yeah, but I mean, it's *our* history though, and I saw you checking out a bunch of Italian and Spanish books from the library. I assumed you were doing some research on Columbus or something." He finished urinating with a shake of his hand, tucked himself back in his pyjamas, and then leaned against the wall, waiting. "I thought you had to go," he said, nodding to the urinal.

Will cleared his throat again and carefully pulled himself out, tilting his shoulder with the hopes of cover his privates from prying eyes. "British history is closer to ours than the Iroquois', Matt. And I've been reading about fourteenth century Spanish and Italian art, not New World explorers."

Matthew hummed and nodded as he stared at Will's tipped shoulder. "You don't have to piss, do you?"

Will's face continued to warm so he kept it turned away and begged his bladder to release anything from my tensing body. No such luck.

"You don't have to lie to me, Will. I knew you were jerking off; you have cum on your mouth. And you don't have to worry about waking me up if you want to jerk off again. It never bothers me when you do it."

Will grimaced and closed his eyes as he slowly reached up and felt the dry crust in the corner of his mouth where Hannibal's thumb had grazed his face. His toes curled as his shoulders hunched further over. "Um, I–I wasn't …"

"I know what you sound like when you come, Will, and it *really* doesn't bother me. I'm not like the other guys; I won't make fun of you. I know you're cool."

Will hummed and nodded in reply as he quickly rubbed his mouth clean.

"It's your bed; you can do whatever you want in it ... I mean, I'm doing the same thing in mine, so who cares, right? Um, except I don't really taste my own cum, but that's cool, too."

Sweat beaded and dripped down Will's temple and he swallowed back the embarrassment blooming in his churning stomach as he nodded.

"I have some magazines that my brother sent me if you ever want to look at 'em. I don't know what you're into, but I have a bunch with girls that like some pretty nasty shit."

Stuck between the empty urinal and Matthew's salacious gaze, Will grit his teeth. "I'm really tired, Matt. Thanks for the offer though ..."

"Oh, I don't mean that we should look at them right *now,"* he chuckled, "You just came two minutes ago. I was offering for like the future – if you ever need something. Not that I think you need anything."

"I appreciate that, but I think I'll be fine." Will quickly tucked himself back in his pants and hurried to the sink. Matthew joined him, halfheartedly washing his own hands.

"We don't have to look at them; that's cool, too ... I'm just trying to be nice, Will."

As awkward as their conversation was, Will could feel Matthew's own embarrassment now radiating off the boy as they dried their hands. Matthew *was* trying to be nice, and Will recognized this, despite the uncomfortable nature of their conversation. However, Matthew was the only roommate Will could even remotely stand, so he felt terrible brushing him off. "Maybe you can show me sometime, but like I said, not tonight."

Matthew's face lit up at the prospect. "Cool. So, uh, next time you feel like rubbin' one out, let me know. I have a huge stack – anything you could possibly think of. Like um, do you like Asians?"

"Matt, I really don't want to talk about this."

Matthew nodded emphatically as he backed up. "I get it. No, you're right. You're probably really tired now," he said, glancing down at Will's crotch.

"Can we just …" Will casually covered his groin with his hand and nodded to the bathroom door. "Can we go back to bed now? I mean, can *I* go back to *my* bed now?"

Matthew nodded and scurried to the door, ripping it open as he gestured Will through. The pair walked quickly and silently back to the room which was still lit by the bright overhead lights.

"I'm going to just listen to music," said Matthew, "Until I fall asleep. Should I, uh, use my–"

"I'll probably read or fall asleep, Matt, so yeah, earbuds would be appreciated."

Matthew smiled, nodded a goodnight, and rushed to his bed on the other side of the room. When he was settled with his music, Will flicked off the light and closed the door, finally returning to his own bed. His corner of the room was still dark, but from what he could feel, his bed was empty, the sheets and blanket laying flat and tucked under the mattress as though it had been made.

"Hannibal?" he whispered, but no one answered. He groped around the blankets and his heart sank. Hannibal was gone. His shoulders slumped as he thought about how much he missed him, too. He still wanted to kiss him, and feel his hands on his skin. He felt empty having not gotten to hold him after he came. He just wanted to hug him for a few more minutes.

But he supposed it was for the best. Now that Matthew was awake, they would've run the risk of being caught, so Will sighed and sat down on the bed. Twice in one day, he's enjoyed Hannibal's company and was abruptly left alone. A painful hole was developing in his chest when something suddenly grabbed his ankle. He jumped and pulled his feet up on the bed, his heart racing as he scrambled back. Something was under his bed, and he smiled before leaning over the edge to peer under.

"What are you doing?" he said, dangling upside down. He kept his voice low as he snickered. *"And how did you fit under there?"*

Hannibal covered his own mouth to stifle a laugh. *"I couldn't tell what you were doing. I thought maybe he heard us and was planning to tell someone I was in here."*

"So you thought you'd make my bed and then hide under it? Why didn't you just leave?"

Hannibal ignored the question and pointed towards Matthew's bed. Will shook his head. "He's listening to music; he'll be out in a minute. Were you planning to sleep under there? I wouldn't. Gotta watch for monsters." He smiled and bit his lip as Hannibal crawled to him and kissed his cheek.

"I'm comfortable with monsters; we get along just fine. I can be very scary."

"You don't scare me," said Will, cocking a smile, "But I'd rather you came out. We didn't really get to finish …"

Hannibal grinned and hauled himself out from under the bed to find Will waiting for him, blankets drawn open. He crawled in and kissed him on the lips as Will pulled the covers over both their heads, sealing them inside their intimate cocoon of heat and playful kissing.

Hannibal's warm lips nibbled across Will's chin and the two quickly returned to their blissful fondling of each other's bodies.

"I missed you again," whispered Hannibal and Will giggled against his neck.

"I guarantee I missed you *way* more. Matt sort of cornered me in the bathroom. It got a little awkward."

Hannibal pulled away from Will's chin and nuzzled his cheek instead, his attention now fixed on Will's voice. "Did he, now?"

"Oh God, Hannibal; it was horrible. He heard me *come."* Will grimace and groaned at the thought. "And he said he *knows* what I sound like when I do, like he's heard me before … ugh. I mean, he's a nice guy and all, but he's a little, I don't know–"

"Rude?" suggested Hannibal cocking an eyebrow.

Will narrowed his eyes at both Hannibal's somewhat forceful suggestion and the scowl across the boy's face. "No, not *rude.* He tried to offer me his porn collection, so that was weird, and I may have accidentally agreed to look at it with him–" Will stopped and paused when Hannibal side-eyed him for saying that. "What I mean, Hannibal, is that he has no friends – I know what that feels like – and he's always been nice to me. I can't say that about ninety percent of the people I've met since I've moved here."

Despite the disagreeable look on Hannibal's face, Will felt hands slide under his shirt as he was pulled against the prefect's chest.

"Have *I* been nice to you, Will? Nicer than Matthew?"

Will smiled and gave him a soft peck on the lips. "Exceedingly nice and far nicer than him." He inched his body closer until his thigh brushed against a stiff cock and Hannibal moaned against Will's necks.

Hannibal's tangible excitement sent a tingling chill up Will's spine. He wanted Hannibal to feel as good as he'd made him feel only fifteen minutes ago. His father wasn't the only one who had watched *documentaries,* and Will had an idea as to how he could repay Hannibal for having been so *nice* to him.

Sliding down Hannibal's body, Will squelched his nervousness as he bent over the prefect's lap. He carefully worked Hannibal's shorts down his thighs, exposing the boy's hard, leaking cock. In the darkness, he could see nothing, but he could feel a patch of hair in a sea of smooth, soft skin. His fingers worked through the hair to slowly grip Hannibal's cock, squeezing and tugging as it throbbed in his hand. He inched his face closer and felt the body heat radiating from his friend's most intimate area, and before Hannibal could protest, he slid the tip into his open mouth.

Hannibal's hands gripped Will's shoulders, his stomach taut as he arched off the bed and into the warm wetness of Will's mouth. It was like nothing Will had ever imagined – soft and slick and exhilarating. An excitement filled him and his mind floated above them, imagining the scene unfolding in his own bed – his head of soft curls hovering over his tutor's lap.

Hannibal choked as he tried to breathe, desperate to maintain composure while his legs numbed and his belly tightened. "Slow down," he urged, "Will, you have to slow ... please."

Will made a noise of reassurance, but all it did was send vibrations straight into the sensitive tip of Hannibal's cock and it shattered the prefect's resolve. Hannibal threw the blankets off their sweaty bodies and tried to sit up, but his muscles tightened, and he collapsed back onto the bed, unable to tear himself from the lips eagerly consuming as much of him as Will's mouth could manage.

As a tongue pressed against him, trailing up the slit, Hannibal shut his eyes and a white heat seared behind his eyelids. His fingers clutched into Will's shirt and his hips suddenly jerked up, into the warm, wet mouth, unable to warn Will of his impending end. A long groan draining from his lungs while his cum pulsed over Will's tongue.

It had taken less than a minute for Will to empty Hannibal which made him feel a sense of pride over his newly discovered skill. When Hannibal's body relaxed, Will trailed his tongue up the underside of the boy's cock, drawing hisses as the prefect pawed at Will to stop. Will pulled off and sat back on his haunches, panting as forcefully as Hannibal. A snicker suddenly bubbled out of him as he acknowledged what he'd just done. In *documentaries* oral sex had always looked much harder than it actually ended up being, and though he'd been nervous to try it, the rush of having such a profound effect on Hannibal was making him lightheaded. The flavor hadn't been as off putting as he'd expected it to be. In fact, he sort of like the way Hannibal tasted, certainly more so than himself.

It was relieving to Will to be able to provide sexual release to his new friend. Hannibal had already proven his willingness to make Will come, and being able to offer that pleasure in return, made him feel less like he was taking advantage of Hannibal's attraction to him and more like the pair were equals.

Will's cheeks and hand were slicked with spit as was Hannibal's softening cock and thighs so Will finally grabbed the towel and wiped himself off before offering it to the other boy. Hannibal smiled and sighed, taking the towel, and wiping down his groin and what still remained on his sticky stomach before he dropped it to the floor.

"Lie with me," whispered Hannibal and he tugged Will's arm, pulling him up next to him so he could properly wrap himself around the boy. Will laughed softly against Hannibal's neck before their lips met with a languid kiss.

“Why did you use your mouth? You didn’t have to,” said Hannibal when they finally drew apart.

Will sniffed his running nose and lowered his voice. “You didn’t like it?”

“I loved it,” he snickered, and traced Will’s pink, puffy smile with his finger. “But you didn’t owe me that.”

“I know I didn’t, but I wanted to do it. I’ve always wanted to try, and you were right there, so why not?”

Hannibal bit his lip and grinned, nuzzling Will’s cheek as he hummed. “I’ll have to show you what it’s like.”

After feeling his own mouth wrapped around Hannibal’s cock, Will desperately yearned to have the same done to him, drawing out his moans and whimpers and finally enjoy feeling his body come inside another person. His sensual thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a wide yawn against Hannibal’s shoulder. “You don’t *have* to use your mouth on me, just because I did. I don’t care what we do,” he mumbled.

“Right now, I think we should sleep. We can talk later.”

Will nodded and murmured a *sure,* before he suddenly remembered something from earlier in the day. He reached up and cradled Hannibal’s face, lovingly pressing their mouths and tongues together in a sweet, tender kiss. He pulled away with a grin and laid his cheek on Hannibal’s chest.

“What was that for?” wondered Hannibal.

“It was actually from my dad,” yawned Will. “He said to give you a big kiss for him.”

Hannibal snickered and ran his chin through Will’s soft hair. “My compliments to your father then. He's also a very good kisser.”

Will shook as he suppressed his laughter and Hannibal tightly hugged him, grinning as he felt Will's body slowly going limp over his. Both boys lazily shifted and squirmed until they finally stilled, discovering just how well they fit together as a pair. They both quietly whispered goodnight, and as Will drifted off, Hannibal leaned forward and took a deep, lung-filling breath, inhaling the boy's sultry scent before blissfully falling asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoy this amazing fan art because toni-of-the-trees looooves Matty:

WTF...
WTF
WTF
WTF
WTF
WTF
WTF
PLEASE WASH HANDS

Afterglow

Chapter Summary

The boys wake up, get it up, and clean it up. Also, Hanni's a smitten kitten. <3

Chapter Notes

Mr Stone (the headmaster) has been changed to Mr Crawford because it's so much funnier that way. So be mindful that his name has changed in the previous chapters as well as this one. Also, new fan art was posted! Two "first kisses" can be found in the end notes of ch. 3 and "the awkward chat with Matt" at the end of ch. 5! All by the ever talented toni-of-the-trees on Tumblr. Long update time because Becs and I keep doing one-shots. This was a lot longer, but we split it in twain because of reasons. —Jo

---

I AM SORRY I SUCK... —Becs

But I love it when you suck! —Jo

There was a reassuring heartbeat thumping against Hannibal's chest as he slowly awoke – a new and enchanting comfort for him to enjoy first thing in the morning. The second, steady pulse meant that he wasn't alone or unwanted; he was bringing contentment and peace to the person gently laying over his body.

Once he'd filled his lungs with as much of Will's scent as he could handle, he cracked his eyes to the warm glow creeping into the room. The aroma intensified as Hannibal's view was flooded with Will's soft hair and pale face nestled against the crook of his shoulder. The gold light of the early winter sun played across his messy curls, highlighting the unique strands of red and bronze which weaved through the dark tangle framing his face. Was he radiant? Delightful? Otherworldly? No; Will was *angelic,* and Hannibal nodded to himself as he pictured the invisible halo surrounding Will's sun-lit face.

A warm, delicate breath puffed across Hannibal's chest as Will stirred against him. It was soft and gentle and a bizarrely foreign experience for Hannibal. As he took in the sight and smell of his new friend, he couldn't determine which he would prefer: that the boy remain asleep on his shoulder so as to savor the serenity a little longer, or for Will to open his pretty blue eyes so Hannibal could witness the smile sure to bloom across his face when the same euphoria flooded him as well.

His choice was made for him when Will stretched out his arms and yawned before recoiling to curl his arms even tighter around Hannibal's body. He settled with a sigh, his eyes still closed, and a strange ache spread across Hannibal's cheeks. After several seconds of careful deliberation, he

determined the ache to be from the wide grin that Will readily gifted him each time they were together.

Hannibal wasn't one to smile. It had been years since he'd allowed himself any frivolity after the painful experiences of his childhood. Life was not a joke to the boy. He had no patience for flippancy or carelessness, but with Will, he often found himself chuckling at silly gossip overhead in the prefect's lounge. He was beginning to enjoy insignificant and sometimes mundane activities like walking across the wind-swept quad while listening to Will identify trees by their bare silhouettes. On their way to class, they'd stop to draw lewd images in the fog huffed across the cold windows of Mr Crawford's car. There was something Will was giving Hannibal that he'd always felt he'd been cheated, and it was stirring a creature deep within him that was both terrifying and delightfully satisfying to the boy.

Hannibal studied the hue of Will's skin as it slowly deepened from the paleness of sleep to a rosy blush. Though his eyes were still closed, perhaps Will was recounting how they'd ended up in bed together. The idea that the memories of their warm lips and wandering hands were causing a bashful, though affectionate glow to bloom from within Will was delightful to witness.

After everything he'd endured, Hannibal had assumed he was considered broken, unmendable, and unwanted, as though there was nothing left of him to give to another person. He'd never looked at himself as a victim, but he knew what society thought of boys like him and it disgusted him to no end. Now, however, he was proving them all wrong. He was cradling a boy who drew pleasure from his touches and seemed to want nothing more than to see him smile whenever they were together. Hannibal was not broken and unwanted; he was nourishing someone in the same way that person nourished him.

Will didn't pity or coddle Hannibal because of his past; he challenged and excited him. The world seemed to erupt when they were together, and that reaction sent sparks into the atmosphere. Hannibal imagined those flicking lights ascending into the sky to pepper the vastness of the space with pieces of each of them. Together they lit the darkened sky, making a very tangible mark on the universe, and it brought the boy a profound sense of belonging.

Gibberish that sounded like several lines from *The Importance of Being Earnest* were mumbled into a spitty pool that had formed on the shoulder of Hannibal's tee-shirt. He tried to suppress his quiet laugh at the sight, but Hannibal was enamored with every inch of Will, from his messy head of hair to the crumpled tee-shirt pulled up to the boy's chest. It was hopeless to try and restrain himself with Will's warm, innocent lips so close to his, so he carefully rolled him onto his back. Before Will's eyes could pop open, Hannibal brought their lips together to share his captivation with him in the form of a tender good morning kiss. His tongue lazily found Will's with long, wet licks and he was suddenly overjoyed to feel a soft, wet tongue tasting him back.

Hannibal sighed against Will's warm mouth, and then drew back to inspect the object of his desire. Blue eyes blinked open and a perfect, toothy grin spread across Will's face. The boy curled his hands up Hannibal's back and gently tugged, urging the prefect to rest his racing heart against his. Hannibal obliged with a grin, nuzzling Will's cheek as he finally relaxed, his own fingers combing through the tangles of Will's soft, brown hair. Every moment they shared together, whether in class or the warm cocoon of each other's embrace, was precious to Hannibal and he cherished this newfound intimacy blossoming between them. There was no hesitation in Will's eyes, no shame or embarrassment after their late-night tryst, just a delighted curl to the corners of his lips and a warm blush of color spreading across his cheeks. To Hannibal, humanity had never created a more beautiful, more invigorating, more captivating specimen than Will Graham. The mold had not just been broken the

day Will was born, it had been shattered, and Hannibal reveled in knowing that he was now the caretaker of the rarest and most exceptional boy in the world.

“Good morning, Will,” said Hannibal, his voice cheerful though tinged with drowsiness.

“Good morning, Hannibal.”

Hannibal smiled, nudging Will’s chin with his nose. “I believe you’ve already said that to me.” When Will’s eyebrow curiously raised, Hannibal continued, “I guess *mumbled* would be more accurate. And you may have thought you were speaking to Mr Worthing.”

Will smirked and narrowed his eyes. “Well, if I mumbled good morning to Jack Worthing, then I suppose I have yet to wish *you* a good morning, Hannibal, so ... good morning, Hannibal.”

Hannibal chucked at Will’s smug grin. “So you’re just as contrary when you *awake* as you are at any other time; that’s quite delightful to note.”

When Hannibal dropped his mouth to nibble just under Will’s ear, the boy’s indignant scowl vanished into a fit of laughter. There was simply too much pleasure to be found in waking up together to hold onto meaningless irritation over semantics.

Will snickered and drew the prefect’s face away from his neck. “And *I* note that you’re *always* a smart aleck.”

“I would never pretend to be anything else,” said Hannibal, quickly pecking the tip of Will’s nose.

“Well, that's good because I kinda like you the way you are.” Will softly hummed and tipped his chin as though he eagerly awaited another kiss, but as Hannibal approached, teeth suddenly nipped and tugged at the prefect’s lower lip. An erotic thrill rolled through his belly and he moaned as Will’s arms wrapped around his shoulders, hugging him tightly against his warm body. Their kisses began shallow, a simple breath passing between them, and then grew as lips pressed harder and tongues curled together.

Rediscovering Will’s body was immensely satisfying now that daylight illuminated their little cocoon. Both his hands and his eyes could now enjoy the smooth, supple skin that reacted so readily to his touch. He groped under Will's shirt, to find goosebumps as he drew lazy lines down Will's ribs until his fingers skimmed the waistband of the boy’s shorts. He’d just hooked his thumbs when a faux cough grumbled from the open doorway.

Will grimaced and hid his face in his hands. They both recognised the squirrely cough, but while Will tried his hardest to dissolve into the mattress, Hannibal casually turned his head to acknowledge the intruder.

“Good morning, Matthew. Sleep well?”

“Really, Will?” snapped Matthew, ignoring the question. “Hannibal?!” He scoffed and stormed to his bed, wearing nothing but a towel around his waist and clunky, black boots. “I’ll leave after I get my stuff, but this is *my* room, too, Will. I shouldn’t have to leave because of … whatever *this* shit is.”

Hannibal peered back at Will’s hidden face, and his grin widened at the rosy embarrassment spreading over Will’s body.

“I can't believe I forgot about Matt,” whispered Will, peeking through his fingers. Hannibal hadn’t even stopped the gentle sway of his hips yet. After what Will had shared about his midnight

conversation with Matthew in the toilet, the prefect wasn't about to cower to Will's roommate, even if this was technically his territory. Will was *Hannibal's* rare treasure, and it was in Matthew's best interest that he understood that as quickly as possible.

"You forgot?" said Hannibal, "I'm glad to hear it, but *I* certainly did not." He smirked as he spoke, and a shocked snicker sputtered from Will. The sound of Matthew angrily slamming books and zipping a backpack made them both giggle, though Will was somewhat attempting to stifle his amusement for Matthew's sake.

Hannibal hadn't felt this full of levity since before his childhood had come to an abrupt end. "He'll be gone soon; then we can resume," he said, not bothering to lower his voice. He pried apart Will's hands and forcefully took his mouth in another long, wet kiss, loudly moaning against Will's lips – a salacious sound that unintentionally rocked Will's hips against his groin. The bitter scoff from across the room, however, seemed to squelch Will's growing arousal and the boy pulled away.

"Maybe we should go out," he suggested, "It looks like a nice day." If they lingered like that much longer, there was a greater chance of them being caught by someone with far more sway than Matthew.

"Wait, you're leaving, Will?! What the hell?" Matt angrily scoffed across the room. "I listened to you *promise* Peter that you'd watch Kevin all weekend. Are you breaking a promise? Because that's not cool."

During Hannibal's tutoring session with Will's other roommate, Peter had whipped out his computer to show Hannibal his feeding schedule and the list of forty-five rules he'd be giving to Will when it came to the proper care and maintenance of his beloved rat, Kevin. Will had agreed to watch his mousy roommate's pet that weekend, but that was before he had more enticing plans coaxing him out of his dormitory.

Will grimaced. "Yeah, I know what I said. But he won't mind if I'm gone for the day though, will he?"

"When Peter says *watch Kevin*, he means *watch Kevin,* Will. *All* weekend. It's in eighteen of his fucking rules. You know how he feels about that rat. I had to play with him and feed him those stupid treats when I watched him."

Will hummed as he devised a plan and somewhat softened his voice. "Uh, Matt ... wasn't Peter really happy with how well you took care of Kevin that weekend?" He waited, but heard no response except a bitter sigh of resignation. "Do you think maybe *you* could watch Kevin for me? Just for today? I would owe you one."

"If we have to stay in, Will, we can," said Hannibal. "No need to break promises or owe anyone anything, and I'd love to have a day in bed with you all to myself."

"Oh, for fuck's sake; I'll watch Kevin," snapped Matthew. "But if you're going out, get me toothpaste. I ran out this morning and used Peter's and it's messed up; yours is too. Abel and Clark put something in them, and fuck, it burns like hell. Whatever you do, don't put it in your mouth," he said and then paused. "Feel free to brush *your* teeth though, Hannibal. Use all of it. Use the whole fucking tube and then use Peter's."

Hannibal grumbled while Will averted his eyes from his seething gaze.

“Thanks for watching Kevin, Matt, and I’ll get us new toothpaste.” Will cleared his throat and returned his attention to Hannibal who was still disturbed by the extent of whatever was going on between the boys in Will’s room. “It’s nothing,” assured Will. “Clark and Abel just like to pick on Peter and me. They’re just jerks. I wish they’d stop messing with Peter though. He’s so shy; he won’t stand up for himself. I’m kind of afraid Clark’s going to hurt him. He pushes him around a lot.”

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed, and his stomach churned. “I don’t like this development, Will. They’re being very rude to you … and Peter–”

“And me!” shouted Matt, but Hannibal scoffed and dismissed him with a wave.

“Let’s just forget about it and go out,” said Will, quickly changing the subject. “Matt’s going to take care of Kevin, and we can spend the day doing stuff.”

Hannibal grumbled reluctantly, nibbling on Will’s ear to make them both relax and Will whimpered out a lust-filled sigh. “If that's what you want to do, Will, I suppose I can accommodate.” If Hannibal had been anyone but the stoic boy he was, he'd be pouting.

“I just don't want to get caught in here, Hannibal. There’s the weird janitor and a lot of guys didn’t go home this weekend – the place will be swarming in twenty minutes.” Another student, a boy named Jimmy, was housed in a neighboring dorm, and if he even caught wind of a relationship between the two of them, it would spread through the school like wildfire. “And we still have tonight together … *if* you want to hang out again,” he said, biting his lip.

Hannibal grinned and kissed Will’s cheek. There was nothing he’d rather do than spend every waking moment with the boy nestled beneath him. He lips pressed against Will’s in a slow, deep kiss as hands and fingers curled around the back of his neck. Though he would have preferred to linger there, enjoying Will’s warm wet mouth and the stiff erection pressing against his, he was willing to spend the day outside if it meant he still remained in Will’s glorious presence.

More mumbles protested from the corner before a sweatshirt was hastily zipped and boots stomped out of the room, the door slamming behind them.

Will flinched at the bang, but tried to ignore it. “Well, Hannibal?” he wondered. “Are you going to answer me?”

“You have no idea how much I enjoy hearing you pronounce my name.”

That wasn’t really the answer Will was searching for, but it was a welcome enough comment that he smiled. “Do I say it that differently?”

“You do, and I enjoy your *harder* vowels,” he said, rocking his hips over Will’s groin.

“What about *Mr Lecter?”* he said, raising an eyebrow.

“The only people that call me that are teachers, Mr Graham, and I definitely prefer remaining on a first name basis with you.”

“Because of my *hard* vowels,” snickered Will, and Hannibal pecked his chin. “I’ll keep that in mind, *Hannibal.* But you still haven’t answered me.”

Hannibal smiled as he whispered against Will’s lips, “Of course I want to spend time with you. I want to spend all my time with you.”

Will pulled away to nervously laugh, averting his eyes from Hannibal's venerating gaze. Will couldn't know how much Hannibal adored every freckle adorning his face and his charmingly sweet voice, or how much Hannibal envied Will's lungs and his blood-filled heart because they sustained the boy in a way Hannibal never could. He longed to be the only thing Will wanted – the only thing Will *needed* to keep him alive. If Will knew, he's never again be troubled by thoughts of worry or self-doubt about just how devoted Hannibal was to him.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that you want to spend the day with me, Hannibal, but I think I'm going to need a cold shower before we go. You've made things a little *hard* for me, too." Will cocked his head and grinned sheepishly as Hannibal lurched his body over their erections again.

"Don't denigrate yourself, Will. It's not a *little* hard at all." His voice suddenly lowered to a whisper despite them being alone. *"But if you want to take a shower, I could show you how* that *felt. You know – maybe I could use my mouth."*

Will chewed his lower lip at the suggestion, his fingers toying with the hair brushing the prefect's nape. Hannibal kissed along Will's jaw and then down his throat, sucking gently along the vein that pulsed wildly against his lips. Will's response was on the tip of the boy's tongue, but it was suddenly silenced by heavy footsteps in the hall.

Will gasped and hauled Hannibal down against him, yanking the covers over them both. It was a completely absurd reaction. If anyone were to come in now, they would immediately question the exceedingly large lump in the middle of the bed.

Hannibal muffled his laughter against Will's shoulder before he was pinched and shushed which only provoke his mirth. The pale flesh beneath his grinning lips was suddenly too tempting to ignore. He gently licked Will's skin and listened to the boy's giggle. The taste of salty sweat lingered on his tongue and Hannibal felt his body surge awake. Before he could think better of it, he sunk his teeth into flesh and Will jerked.

"Hannibal!" he yelped, "I'm not breakfast!" The heavy footfalls receded and Will threw the blankets off them so he could paw at his throbbing throat.

"If you were breakfast, I'm sure you'd make the most delightful mouthful."

"If you try to take a bite out of me, don't expect me go down easy. I'd make sure to get stuck in your throat," he chuckled, checking his hand for blood. "No, wait, food poisoning – *that's* what I'd give you." Will grinned as he rushed back to Hannibal's mouth, bestowing upon the cocky prefect an explosive kiss. Will's lips explored Hannibal's mouth, sucking on his tongue and tantalizingly humming before Will suddenly withdrew. "Ready to shower?" he said with a smirk.

Hannibal was still recovering from the kiss, breathless and wide-eyed, unsatisfied by the sudden parting of their lips.

Will chuckled at the boy's longing gaze and open mouth, finally noting just a taste of the profound effect he had on his tutor. "You look like you could use a cold shower, too, *Hannibal.* Shall we?"

Since the weekend often left the showers vacant, the two rose, and Will quickly gathered his shampoo, soap, and his two cleanest towels, and the boys made their way down the hall. Hannibal was in no rush as he planned to savor every moment of their day together, and he assumed that the next thirty minutes would be the most physical enjoyment they'd get until the sun set.

By the time they reached the showers, it was obvious that Will had found his once-forgotten embarrassment as his cheeks were bright red and he kept fumbling over banter about how clean the bathroom appeared. Will hurried into the last and largest shower stall, setting down his soaps, and motioned for Hannibal to quickly join him.

“You don’t have to be nervous, Will. Curfew ended at six,” he said, closing and locking the partition door behind them.

“Curfew’s not what I’m worried about. This isn’t exactly private, Hannibal.” Will nodded to the twelve-inch gap beneath the shower walls and then pointed to the wide open air above their heads. “Anyone could walk in and see our feet–” He hushed his voice, *“or hear us talking.”*

“There aren’t rules stating that we can’t shower together, Will; I looked it up. So you can stop worrying.”

Will wasn’t placated by that fact, but Hannibal ignored him and pulled his own tee shirt over his head to hang it on the hook by the door. He inched closer to Will until he’d backed the boy against the wall where he kissed him, entranced by how Will’s jagged breath echoed in the silent bathroom. Hannibal’s hands were far too excited to take things slowly so they worked under Will’s shirt, tugging it up until the boy acquiesced and leaned away from the wall. He pulled off Will’s wrinkled shirt and lovingly hung it next to his before returning his attention to the boy huddled in the far corner of the stall. Will was hugging his arms to his bare chest, nearly shivering like a terrified rabbit. It wasn’t as sensual a scene as Hannibal had been expecting until his eyes scanned Will’s neck.

A red swollen bite had developed near Will’s collarbone, and a carnal chill chased up Hannibal’s spine. He’d marked him. He’d marked the boy he so affectionately desired and now he could not only *see* what his teeth could do to Will, but he remembered just how willingly Will had allowed it. Will had giggled, and joked, and playfully kissed him afterwards. He’d enjoyed it as much as Hannibal had.

“You’re cold,” noted Hannibal, and Will nervously nodded. “Strip then, and we can warm you up.”

Will chewed his lip, but didn’t move, his back still pressed against the cold tile. It was clear that he was anxious so Hannibal softened his tone and as a show of good faith, dropped his shorts and underwear, carefully hanging them over his shirt. “Would you like me to help you?”

Hannibal followed Will’s gaze, and found it fixed on just how nude and visibly excited he currently was.

“Uh, you don’t– you don’t have to. I can do it myself.” Before Will had finished stumbling over his words, Hannibal had approached him and hooked his thumbs in the waist of the boy’s short as he leaned in for another kiss. He thrust his tongue into Will’s mouth and then yanked him away from the corner to turned on the shower. The cold water hissed and sprayed across the floor.

“Let’s not soak your shorts this time,” he whispered.

Will’s head had barely nodded by the time Hannibal dropped to his knees, dragging Will’s shorts along with him. He kissed and sucked on the boy’s thigh until he coaxed him out of his clothes, standing to hang them alongside his own.

Will was still frozen in place so Hannibal warmed the shower and stepped under without him, letting the hot water flow down his chest and back. He peeked over his shoulder at the shivering boy. “Did you actually want a cold shower, or will a hot one do for now?”

“Hot’s fine,” mumbled Will, and his eyes darted down Hannibal’s wet, naked back.

Watching Will lecherously eye his flesh was something Hannibal has not yet enjoyed, and it made his breath stutter at the mere thought of what Will was imagining. He hid his smirk and reached behind him, pawing at Will’s arm until he hooked a hand and dragged Will into the scalding water with him.

“Shit – it’s hot!” hollered Will, arching his back. He lurched away, but Hannibal yanked him into the stream and took his mouth again. After all, he’d just agreed to a hot shower.

Will hissed but melted into the kiss as his twitching skin reddened under the heat. As soon as Hannibal felt Will’s teeth chew his lip and a hard lump press against his thigh, he dropped again, kissing down Will’s stomach until his knees splashed in the warm water pooling beneath them.

There was nothing more intoxicating than Will’s hot, naked skin presented to him to do with as he wished. There was so much Hannibal could do to this body in that secluded stall. He could bruise and bite him, listening to Will’s whimpers and pleas for more. There was hot water to clean Hannibal’s hands and face afterwards, and even Will’s wounds if he felt compelled. There was a drain in the floor and the relative privacy of two doors, and Will had beckoned him to join him in that particular room. Hannibal was supposed to be there – Will *wanted* them both there, and they were naked and aroused by the sight of all the pink flesh between them.

Hannibal huffed and his tongue probed the edge of Will’s groin. A femoral artery ran just along that part of the boy’s leg. It pulsed with every flick of his tongue and each throb made Hannibal’s heart race. He nudged his nose and chin deeper into the soft hair of that tender spot until his teeth could chew the delicate flesh kept hidden from everyone but him. Though the water cascading down Will’s body, filled Hannibal's mouth and nose with every bite, he continued, desperate to taste that soft, secret part of the boy he so irresistibly wanted to consume.

When sharp teeth suddenly pinched Will's skin, the boy hissed and lurched away, his body slamming into the freezing wall. “That hurts! Stop it!” he snapped.

Hannibal bit his lip, his face turning red and reached out to Will. “I’m not–,” he stuttered, “I’m not done; come back.” He waved his hand, trying to convince Will to step back into the scalding stream.

“Enough with the biting,” he demanded. HIs voice shook as he pressed against the stinging bite. “I’m not a chew toy.”

Hannibal nodded, his eyes glazing over, and with desperation, beckoned Will back to him again. “I’ll stop, but I’m not done; let me finish ...” he begged.

"You hurt me, Hannibal. Don't do it again." Will rubbed his tender groin and hesitantly stepped back into the spray where Hannibal embraced him, hugging Will’s naked belly against his face. They remained under the hot stream, Hannibal clutching Will to his cheek until they were both dizzy from the steam filling the bathroom.

How could he hurt him? How could he hurt *Will?* How could he bring pain to the boy he cared so deeply for that his chest ached when they drew apart? His joints tightened every time he watched Will walk away. His breath emptied anytime Will left the room. He couldn’t hurt him, but he did, and how would he forgive himself if he hurt him again? He wanted so desperately to experience everything alongside Will, that his prudence was sometimes misplaced.

When fingers slowly raked through Hannibal’s hair, his racing thoughts calmed, and he peeked up to find Will inquisitively ogling him.

Hannibal's voice caught in his throat as he felt compelled to explain himself. *"I like every part of you, Will,"* he whispered. *"I want to share everything with you."*

Will's face didn't change at that admission. His blue eyes remained locked on Hannibal's, studying how vast his tutor's pupils had suddenly become. *"Don't leave marks,"* he replied, and Hannibal hummed as he nodded emphatically.

Hannibal's eager mouth returned to Will, sucking and tonguing the base of his cock as their bodies continued to swelter under the unrelenting heat. No marks. Will wanted no physical evidence of any kind. He wanted to bask in only the sweet ethereal responses buried deep within their bodies. They would keep their rare treasure hidden – a precious gift to share only with one another while the foolish masses remained ignorant of just how deep their affinity ran. Hannibal murmured against Will's cock as he imagined sharing everything with this boy, and the two of them would live the most beautiful life ever imagined.

Will moaned and his head rolled back as Hannibal took all of him in his mouth. When Will's eyes closed, his body relaxed and Hannibal gripped his ass, catching him before he tumbled back.

The bathroom became a salacious echo chamber, bouncing Will's canal moans off the walls while the steam thickened his voice. Will was lost in his own erotic world, and Hannibal could relate to the pleasure of having your most sensitive parts be swallowed by another person.

Between Will's rhythmic huffs, Hannibal heard the soft thud of the bathroom door closing and his attention suddenly shifted. It was faint, but he could discern the familiar scuffs of big, clunky boots.

The muffled sound stopped, and Will's panting breaths and the hiss of the shower overwhelmed the bathroom once again. Hannibal continued to suck, lapping at the tip as he listened intently for a voice or scoff to break Will from his delirious trance.

When he heard nothing – not even the thud of the door closing again – he assumed the identity of their intruder. He slowed his thrusting mouth when he heard the delicate pat of palms tapping the tile floor. Hannibal's tongue teased more moans from Will as he turned him and pushed him back against the shower wall.

Knowing Matthew was peeking in on their steamy affairs made the act that much more titillating to Hannibal, though he wasn't fond of their prowler memorizing the naked flesh of Will's body. He wasn't one to share, and Will had given Hannibal his body willingly. Matthew was taking it by force.

Hannibal pulled away to quickly stand, kissing Will's parted lips and then leaned over his ear to remind him of how much he loved that American accent of his. He dropped again and his palm tugged at Will's cock while he licked the white bead forming at the tip.

Will's head rolled and he finally opened his eyes to look down at the wet, messy blond hair hovering in front of him. He smiled and bit his lip when eyes peeked up at him. *"Hannibal,"* he huffed through a smirk. His breathy voice rose as he moaned, "Oh, *Hannibal."* The eyes staring up at him widened and the lapping mouth grinned, urging him to continue. "Harder, *Hannibal.* I want your whole mouth."

Hannibal snickered and took all of Will in his mouth again, vigorously sucking as those thieving eyes watched from the floor just outside the stall door. As Will edged closer with every suck, Hannibal's hand wandered between his own legs, jerking himself until he heard an unexpected noise through the blasting shower. It was sharp – a gasp followed by a stifled grunt. Moments later, boots receded, and the door thudded closed again.

Perhaps it was too much for the peeping tom? Perhaps Hannibal didn't care. His focus returned to the boy gripping his hair and thrusting his hips against his mouth, eager to bring ecstasy to Will's strained face.

"H-Hannibal," he stuttered. "Hannibal, *I'm gonna cum – I'm gonna cum ..."*

Will's body jerked against the cold wall and his fingers gripped hair as he filled Hannibal's mouth with his cum. His groin rocked against Hannibal's lips until it finally stopped and Will let out a long, faltering breath.

A private piece of Will now rolled over Hannibal's tongue and he slowly drew his mouth from Will's cock, careful not to lose a single drop. They had now both shared their intimate parts with one another, allowing each other to consume just a fragment of their being, and Hannibal groaned at the thought of what else they may share in the future.

Soft, warm hands, tugged Hannibal to his feet and Will pecked his lips as he waited for the boy to swallow his reward. When he finally did, Hannibal grinned and with a long, languid kiss, shared another little morsel of Will with the boy himself.

Those soft hands drifted from Hannibal's shoulders and down his back as the salty sweetness of Will danced across their tongues. The hands finally scooped around Hannibal to grabbed his ass, yanking him against Will's wet body.

It was an experience like nothing Hannibal had ever felt. It had been salacious and yet beautiful, comforting though exciting, but it had left him aching for more. And then, Will pulled away and smiled, trailing kisses up Hannibal's jaw until he reached his ear and whispered, *"How do I taste, Hannibal?"*

Hannibal's eyes widened and he gasped. He lurched forward, reaching up to clutch Will's hair as he came in warm gushes down both their legs. Hot water still sprayed their feet while his cum surged from him, leaving their thighs slickened as they rubbed together. Hannibal whimpered into Will's neck, flustered and embarrassed by his inability to control himself. That wasn't supposed to happen – neither of them had been ready for that.

Will deciphered his mumbled apology and kissed his cheek. "You *needn't* apologize, Hannibal," he mocked and hugged him to his chest. "That's what you're supposed to do, though I *was* going to use my mouth – maybe next time."

There was nothing that could've torn Hannibal from his grip on Will in that moment. He wanted to laugh with him, he wanted to cry against him, he wanted to tell this boy that he loved him – but he didn't; he couldn't. That wasn't quite who he was anymore.

So Hannibal sniggered and sniffed his nose. "I look forward to next time," he said.

Though exhausted, Will was beaming. He chuckled and nuzzled Hannibal's neck. "We really should *actually* shower now," he said, "And I might just be persuaded to go back to bed with you … even though we just woke up."

Hannibal smiled and was about to agree to bask with him in bed all day, when Will's belly loudly protested that idea with a grumble. His smile immediately fell. "No, we have to go out," he insisted. "You're starving, Will, and we can't have that."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!